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Authors Note: This is a sequel to Harry Potter and Voldemort's Bane. Please read that story before starting this one. For those who have been patiently waiting here is the Prologue and 1st chapter. Enjoy.

Prologue

Harry sat on the ground and smiled at the company. The boy who he sat next to was a good friend of his daughter Alice. Harry had known Mathew Andrews and his family for six years. They had been guests at his wedding and Mathew himself had been a frequent visitor to Harry's house while visiting his daughter. Harry had first met the Andrews when he began to live as a muggle.

Harry looked at the boy who sat in front of the lake at Hogwarts with heavy bags under his eyes. It looked like he had not slept in weeks. Harry heard from his daughter and Albus that Mathew was not sleeping well during the last few weeks of his second year. The pressure of becoming famous for his fortune telling was wearing on the boy. Mathew Andrews did not know at the beginning of his first year at Hogwarts that he could write prophecies. At the end of his second his abilities were developing so fast he had to be trained by several seers in their arts. Mathew had taken to each of them like they were created just for him. He could understand his own visions better than anyone else and could interpret any kind of fortune telling with accuracy that no one living has seen before. But with it came a price - those who understood his skill spread word of such a talented seer.

Harry saw the boy Mathew sigh. He wondered how Mathew was handling everything. "Has it been getting harder?"

Mathew did not look at the person who had visited him. It was tiring trying to second guess himself. He would get images in his mind and he could not tell if they were of the past, present, future, or what he actually saw at the moment. It was hard to ignore his classmates and the private tutoring with Professor Dumbledore was not aiding his

ability to control his mind. Occlumency was fine for those who are protecting their thoughts from others. But the skill was pointless to one who was trying to protect himself from his own thoughts. "It has. And I already know this is the tip of the iceberg." Mat looked at the lake and saw a tentacle of the squid flap at a bird flying over head. "I just can't keep strait what's happening or when in my own head. I don't want to think about those images."

"One bugger of a headache, eh?" Harry looked at the boy who only nodded. Harry looked at the water and smiled inwardly to himself. "The headache is so bad that you can't think it will get worse and the large crack in your skull only fans into more..." Mathew looked at Harry in surprise. "There is a pressure in your head that wants to find a way to escape and there is none, so it just builds until your whole body can't stand it, only it does..." Mathew looked down and nodded. It had hurt and it was worse when his class mates did not understand that. It seemed no one did until now. Harry didn't look at the young prophet. "The world shakes and your vision blurs while those images that are not your own are thrown at you while you only have seconds to understand them..." Mathew was a little scared at his headaches being described so accurately and began to feel a small tear form in his eye. Harry finally looked at him and smiled. "I know what its like. My head aches were caused by someone else, but I have a good idea of what you are going through."

Mathew nodded. He looked at his neighbor and asked, "Who was it that was in your head?" Harry raised his hair and the scar appeared on his forehead. He merely tapped it and Mathew lowered his gave in understanding. They both sat in silence until Mathew asked, "So how did you make the headaches stop?"

Harry smiled. "I stopped fighting them."

"Stop? How did you fight them?"

Harry laughed. "I guess 'fighting' is the wrong word, it was more of 'not wanting it to happen'. What ever your mind is showing you, don't resist. Welcome it. There is a reason why you are seeing those pictures. Being able to let go will help you stop having those headaches."

Mathew thought of all the times he had a headache and leaned back onto the grass. "That's it?" His voice was a lighter when he spoke.

"Yeah. Have any other questions?"

Mathew looked at the clouds passing above them. He smiled to himself now that he had some good advice he knew he could use. "Anything to suggest what to do about my wanting to do one thing and thinking I should do something else? There are times where I want to do two different things at once and I don't know what to do. I have gone both ways and one is not much better than the other. I don't know if one choice is better than another."

Harry thought about what Mathew was saying. It was confusing the way he said it all at once but he thought of his heart, instincts and head all fighting each other for dominance in a lot of situations. Harry leaned forward and threw a stone into the lake. It landed in a loud plunk. "The best advice I can give you is to ignore everything and trust your instincts. Your gift is merely an extension of those instincts. All wizards are gifted with some form of limited divination. It's why we all have the potential to learn some aspect of it. I would like to think that my instincts are similar to how yours want to pull you in a direction you would not normally go."

Mathew hmm'ed to himself. "So let my mind go during attacks..."

Harry smiled at his long time neighbor and friend. "And always trust your instincts."

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Harry Potter and the Prisoners Predictions

Part 1 Broken Will

Chapter 1 The Fog of War

One Year Later...

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Harry opened his eyes.

The world was below him.

It was the same dream again.

Harry closed his eyes from the world.

He had been repeating this dream every few nights for almost a year now.

Harry felt his body fall.

The dreams never stopped.

He was deaf. The only sound was the rushing wind in his ears.

Meditating never phased it.

Harry felt his body go numb from the cold air.

Talking it out with his wife Susan never dissipated it.

Harry could see the ground was both a world away and approaching him in speeds he rarely achieved.

And Harry said the same thing every time he finally reopened his eyes.

“WOOHOO!” His voice echoed in the vastness as he fell through the open sky.

It was more of a memory than a dream. Once he had completed creating a spell to contain the curse that bound evil to him, Harry Potter, the strongest wizard alive, apparated hundreds of meters above the nearest peak and let himself free fall in celebration. The

burden of constant control was lifted and the young man had not felt so free since before he knew that Voldemort wanted to kill him.

Harry felt the wind fly past him and laughed uncontrollably. Harry heard a voice reprimand him for being so careless and Harry smiled widely as Phor appeared next to him in his own steep dive to keep up with its flailing creator. The silver bird of prey was a magical summon who is part of a new magic Harry had created years ago. "Do you really think that is a good idea?" Phor asked irritated.

Harry laughed again feeling free after two long years of fighting the curse every second. "Guys come on! I haven't felt so free!" There was a hiss and growl in Harry's mind and Harry turned his body so the ground was to his back. There was still several hundred feet before he would apparate again to higher ground somewhere else around the world. This was now his third jump and it was near the Alps. "Guys come on out the wind is fine!" Harry laughed uproariously as Arvalis, a silver snake, wrapped himself around Harry's spinning body, and the look on Argent, a silver wolf, when he tried in vain to find something to plant his feet on.

"I hate you." The silver wolf's voice screamed as he lost control of his body and began spinning at odd angles.

Harry spun his body quickly for Arvalis' benefit and heard echoing chants of, "I hate you," from his two land-based summons. Harry apparated himself and his summons toward some islands in the middle of the world. Harry laughed loudly when his stomach did several flips from no motion to complete free fall again. The wolf, snake and bird all said in unison, "Stop it!" Harry laughed at the three and the summons disappeared. Harry concentrated his magic and felt his body slow down. When he was at a complete stop, he apparated to the Monastery that he had been living at. It was a small temple somewhere in Asia. Harry himself never knew where it was as he simply felt drawn to the small palace at the base of the mountain this temple rested upon.

When he arrived, he bowed to his master. "Thank you for the meditation. It has helped me with my demons."

The Monk bowed in return. "It may have helped, but your demons are not conquered." The monk eyed him sadly. "They will not be until you can let go of who you want to be, and accept who and what you are."

Harry's smiling eyes became serious and he was about to ask what that meant when Harry woke up.

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Harry slowly opened his eyes and sighed. He was used to waking up quietly from any kind of dream. It was the only way he was able to gain some kind of peace after a vision or nightmare from his friends while he was in his final years of school at Hogwarts. Harry thought it was wonderful that he could see his summons after nearly three years of sealing them away, but the dreams left him feeling frustrated. He never did get an answer from that monk. This particular dream was making him remember that he still had those 'demons'. Harry rolled over and his wife Susan murmured something before grabbing his arm and pulling it back over her. Harry smiled and just held her thinking of the dream again. He had taken Divination more seriously after his godfather, Sirius Black, died. Those studies were telling him that he should pay attention to this one memory that has been repeating itself for so long. It had been nearly seven years since Voldemort died at his hands and yet Harry for all his freedoms, happy life, and promising future of his family, could not shake the feeling that he was not supposed to be granted these gifts without finishing something...

It was unidentifiable to him and only the seals that showed on his skin while he slept reminded him that, despite that he was happy, he will always be dangerous. Harry pulled his wife closer to him and she sighed happily in her sleep. He had naturally spoken to her about his dreams and she said that he should just keep an open mind for things as they come. Harry rolled his eyes at the memory. He loved his wife dearly but she had a way of making everything that he would be worried about nothing more than a simple matter. Harry kissed his wife's forehead and wondered at times why his early life was so cursed, and now his present life is so blessed. Was this life making up for past mistakes or is this simply a calm in Harry's hectic and usually violent life.

Harry heard the steps of his daughter Alice running on the hard wood floor down the hall. Harry was too tired to call her to ask his adopted daughter where she was going so early in the morning. In truth it was relatively late, and if Harry Potter had a normal job, he would have been late. It was summer time, and Susan had no obligations to the school other than to write an article for the medical journal she subscribed to. Harry himself had trained Aurors in limited wandless magic. The Auror Academy was in between training camps so Harry relaxed on his bed with his beautiful wife still thinking of why it was so important to think about a memory that had happened more than five years ago. Harry sighed. A dark thought passed through his mind.

Because there is always more to it.

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The visitor had not come by in a few weeks.

The cell door began through a series of clanks and screeches. The cell was more of an independent flat than a prison cell. It had furniture, a kitchen, bathroom, shower and bedroom. The living quarters were actually made years ago when the island was originally planed as a safe house to move the Minster into hiding during major war. With the destruction of Azkaban Prison eight years ago, it quickly began to be reworked as the new wizarding prison, Bakan Prison.

The woman who lived in this living space had become known to a select few as one of the most powerful analytical minds of the wizarding world. Even now with only the power of a muggle she could still be a threat or a great ally. Cyan Niete was known as a terrorist who had tried to assassinate the Minister Granger three years ago. What many did not know was that Cyan Niete believed that the only way prevent Wizarding Britain from going to war was to remove Minister Granger from office. When her uncanny insight to political maneuverings was known, Harry Potter and Hermione Granger-Weasley agreed to persuade the Wizengamot to have her sent to life in prison instead of death.

She helped stem off several assassinations attempts and aided in foreign affairs for the past three years as a political analyst. She has done this job very well and only Cyan and three people aside from the visitor knew that she regularly received a guest. Cyan looked up from her stack of books and nodded to the woman who entered her domain. "Hello Minister, to what do I owe the pleasure?"

Hermione took off her glasses and looked at the older woman and back to the tablet she held in her hand. "This is the transcript of the last Wizengamot."

Cyan took the tablet and browsed it. "Your Cold war is getting a little more vicious it seems." She read through insults traded between Hermione and the Minister of France. It was obvious now that they realized who was truly behind the destruction of Clavis, the refuge city that was destroyed by Harry Potter during the last war.

"They are not willing to bring charges. If that is from my own influence or something else I don't know. The court has all but vocally agreed that my position has supreme mandate. I have tried to break the notion but with little influence."

Cyan nodded and turned to her books and ran hands over spines until she pulled out one about the history over the Southern Confederation. They held the most opposition to Hermione's influence. "You need to be careful with most members now don't you?"

Hermione nodded. It was beginning to become increasingly hard to stabilize the council now that most of the good will of reconstruction was over from the last war with Voldemort. Many wizards and witches from the council were relieved when Harry Potter refused an offered seat on the council. "It is difficult. Almost all of the members seem ready to turn on me. I wonder if it is not a good idea to simply remove myself from the council."

Cyan closed her book and stretched. "There is nothing you can do, if you leave, Britain loses their only voice. The problem isn't you. The council has not grown in members since the changes of several

confederacies to becoming independent countries. Not every one is represented at the Wizengamot.”

Hermione smiled weakly. “I think the council realizes that but does not want to change their ways. And this constant tension when we meet is killing us.”

Cyan grunted and stood up to get some water. “From the transcript there is more going on.” She read over several lines to herself while drinking her water. “LeBlanc seems to be convincing himself of something rather than ridiculing you.” She sat across from Hermione and finished her water. “I think you really should tighten security around the Ministry. I still think that you will be the first person anyone will go after. That or Albus Dumbledore, but he can protect himself as much as Harry Potter.” Hermione stirred slightly but nodded. Cyan had always wanted to ask why the Minister was so concerned with Harry but never got a strait answer. She let the matter drop and the two exchanged a few more pleasantries before the Minister departed and Cyan returned to her books, journals and news papers to see if there was something she was missing.

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Albus had retired as Headmaster of Hogwarts a year ago, but he still had many jobs that he would do regardless of his age. One such job sat in front of him. Albus Dumbledore made many mistakes in his long life. A few he was able to rectify, others he was able to justify, but there were always still the ones that could never be corrected. Albus wondered how this young man stood in that sphere of mistakes. “Have the visions been getting worse Mathew?” Albus led the young man around the gardens on the south side of Hogwarts. It was mid summer and many of the flowers were just passing the flowering season. The two walked among the walk way that was littered with petals of over a hundred different varieties of flowers. Albus did not hear a reply and slowed to look at the young man. Mathew sighed and looked at the petal covered path. “Mathew?” Albus said gently but with a grandfather’s force in his voice.

The fourteen year old grunted in frustration. “I get them as waking dreams now Professor.” Mathew moved his hand through his hair and

looked intent on focusing on anywhere but to the old wizard in front of him.

Albus waved off the title. "Albus please. I am no longer a headmaster or a teacher."

Mathew nodded. "Albus, I keep getting the same images." Mathew swallowed a lump in his throat. The last few months of the semester were hard for him. His abilities were beginning to become widely known at the school. Students begged for their fortune readings, what would be on the next tests, and Mathew had to constantly cope with the new powers that seemed to be constantly awaking. What really bothered him was the way a few students acted when he made an off hand comment about him getting sick of the harassment. A few students asked why he was being so secretive about what will happen. Others tried to see if they could trick 'The Oracle' into giving away something profound. Mathew finally looked squarely into the old man's eyes. "I need to be put somewhere safe. It's too hard not to start making people who know I am an oracle panic. A few of my classmates this past semester have been thinking I am writing death visions of them." Mathew snorted. "As if they knew the first thing of real divination." Mat rubbed his head again and refocused his wavering eye sight.

Albus nodded. Mathew Andrews was now a talented Oracle. His predictions have become more accurate and his own intuition to interpret them has made him the most powerful prophet of his generation and others are beginning to wonder if that will soon encompass being the most talented Oracle ever. Albus had seen the people panic when they heard this young man say anything that sounded negative. They believe they could interpret his actions as prophecy and see the future by simply watching him. "What do you suggest my boy?"

Mathew closed his eyes and turned his head in pain. "I just saw the scene again. Feathers and knives keep disappearing. That's all I can see." He said to himself. He looked up to Albus. "Anywhere I can be alone. And somewhere that no one except a few people can visit me would be nice. I don't care about being found, if they can't get to me." Albus looked at the boy. The young blonde man was great at Quiditch

and had the muscles to show him a fine chaser. But while it was all well and good, the boy had already accepted the fact that he may never attend Hogwarts again. Albus was saddened that nothing could rectify what he himself felt was a mistake in nurturing such a gift. Albus looked at the young man and nodded.

“Would you like to continue your education?”

Mathew shook his head. “No, not for a while. I have read of a few oracles like me who were able to control to some degree the spontaneous nature of this skill. I need to do that first if I ever want to be normal.” Albus smiled. He sounded remarkably like another talented boy with messy raven hair.

“I’ll speak to Minister Granger.” Albus stood and shook the boys’ hand. “May I suggest that we find someone who can mentor you?”

Mathew looked at him gratefully and nodded. “If you please professor, but we have already tried a few people before. What makes you think this will be different?”

Albus looked at the scroll in front of him. “The major difference will be the focus of just the mentor and little else.” Mathew nodded. He said his good bye’s and left for his room in Ravenclaw Tower. He had started living at the castle the previous summer when he was no longer able to hide his ability from the public. His parents would visit him and his friends came by regularly. Albus thought sadly that those friends only numbered four.

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Mathew entered the common room and heard a book slam shut. He grinned at his visitor. “Hello Alice, how are you doing?” Mathew stood a little straighter and grinned at the beautiful girl in front of him. In the past few years Alice had dressed decidedly muggle. It caused some resentment from the pure blooded crowd, but many students began to think of it as trendy and started to dress the same. The popularity this girl had both suffered and enjoyed only encouraged many bold young men to try and court her as a noble woman. While Owen and Mat privately agreed that she was gorgeous, it was the mob of boys

in school who had really made her aware of her looks. Alice stood up and moved her dark dyed brown hair out of her eyes and gave him a warm hug. He melted in the embrace and stepped away when she let go. He already knew there was no place in her heart for him and he didn't want to waste time trying to make one. He had short enough time dealing with the influences of his foresight.

She smiled back at him. "Good, Owen should be here soon." Mathew smiled at that. Owen and Alice broke up over a year ago and they still remained best friends. He chuckled over a few of their awkward moments as a couple and later as renewed friends and wondered what fate had against the pairing.

"I am afraid we still can't go beyond Hogwarts grounds. I can't be too far away in case I get another vision." Alice smiled and nodded. Mat's smile faltered when he thought of where he would be moved to, moved being the operative term. He lost much of his freedom and childhood to his gifts. Mathew both regretted and would never take back the experiences he was blessed and cursed with. He accepted long ago that he would just have to live with the way his life is.

Alice grabbed his arm. "Let's go already. Owen should be coming through the gates soon and we can pelt him with snow balls." Alice cackled as she conjured a single ball of snow and pelted the Ravenclaw before he even noticed her wand pointed at his face. Mat laughed and wiped his face. The two left the common room and swiftly made their way to the doors of Hogwarts only passing the Bloody Baron on their way out.

They both stood behind the gates and waited for a few minutes. Owen had owed both Alice and Mat that he would be late since he needed to go to Hogsmeade before visiting. Ten minutes later Alice and Mat still leaned against the gate walls waiting impatiently. Owen was very punctual about his arrival time and it was odd that he was running this late. Alice sighed in frustration. "What is taking him so long?" Mat chuckled. He conjured and threw a snow ball at Alice.

She screamed a protest. Mat just laughed. "That was for getting me in the common room." Alice giggled and sat back down waiting for Owen to show up.

Mat was looking intently at the path from Hogsmeade and almost didn't recognize the flash memory of a few moments into the future. He had enough time to groan before he felt himself buried in several feet of snow. Alice groaned as she looked up to the top of the stone wall and saw Owen smiling at the two. Mat and Alice dug themselves out and cast drying charms on themselves. "That is so not fair." Alice looked at Owen with a spell her adopted father showed her in a class he had taught at Hogwarts. She whistled. "You are too good at that. I couldn't even trace where you came from." Alice felt the magic from the wandless application disappear and she looked at Owen with her normal vision.

Owen smiled. "I needed the practice, the Auror exams are in March next year before I take my NEWTs." He jumped off the high stone wall and landed in a deep crouch. He banished the snow to the side of the road and gave Alice a hug and Mathew a handshake and a pat on the back. "It's good to see you both before the term started. So what are we going to do?" Owen smiled as he waved his wand and conjured several horses and each student mounted one.

Alice just scowled at him. "Show off."

Mat and Owen laughed. Owen was not the most educated student at Hogwarts. It was with his own innate understanding of how a skill he learned from Professor Potter named 'condition' that he was able to perform well beyond that of an adult. Many students were in awe of him. Those from the original 'Advanced Magics' class were in awe of some of the things he could do with just condition, knowing that he had never been able to summon.

Alice huffed at the two boys before clucking at her horse to move ahead of them. The three circled around the castle and raced around the gardens before they trotted their horses to the lake. They had been talking of their summer, their plans for after school. Alice who is a student prodigy in her own right could have graduated years ago but decided to fill out all her education. She would be graduating one year early along with Owen. Mathew heard of what she had planned through rumor only and was surprised that she would be entering into

politics at so young of an age. “So what does it mean to be aid to the Liaison of the Interior?”

Alice smiled at Mathew’s question. “I help the people who talk to the Muggle Minister of Britain. I will organize his speeches and arguments to persuade the Minister of Britain to aid us whenever we need it or have him turn a blind eye to those who needed to be tried in our law system rather than the muggle one. Quite a few criminals will often break laws in the muggle world and weasel out of more heinous crimes they had committed in the magical world.”

Mat and Owen smiled. It was not often they would see Alice this excited over anything, much less a future job position. “But that is in a little over eleven months away. I need to take my NEWTs and then prepare myself for the interview with the Minister of Magic and her heads of office of Aurors, Liaison, Foreign Affairs and Interior.”

The group approached the lake and Owen charged his horse into a gallop. Owen jumped off his horse as it disappeared and dove into the lake. Mat and Alice laughed as they dismounted their horses and ran towards the water, transfiguring their own clothes to join him. After a half hour of dunking each other and greeting the merfolk the three got out of the lake and dried before walking back to the castle.

“Dad wanted to know how you are holding up Mat.” Alice walked in between the two boys.

Mathew hesitated and it showed in his step. The group slowed down while Mat thought of what to say. “I am doing better, but I am pretty sure that I won’t be attending Hogwarts this year.”

Both Owen and Alice immediately began to argue when Mathew raised his hand to stop them. “It’s something that I had been thinking about for a while now. I think it’s for the best. I’ll make sure that you can both visit. While I am gone I will hopefully be able to work on a way to control my ability.” Mathew exhaled the last few words. He gave a clear indication that he did not want to think about the arrangement. Both Alice and Owen nodded.

“At least we can have a sending off party to where ever you go if it’s beyond Isles.” Mathew stopped completely. He looked at his two friends worriedly. It had never occurred to him that he might go well beyond a place where his friends could visit him.

“Thanks guys.” Mat said quietly. Alice and Owen looked concerned before Alice hooked an arm around both men’s elbows. “Let’s get some real food! I am sure a few house elves would be willing to fetch us some fish and chips from a muggle restaurant.” She giggled while pulling both boys into the castle.

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Tonks had been working with Harry in organizing Aurors for the inspection for the past few days. Since he had finished his official duties as instructor for the season she kicked him out so she would be able to work with her own troops in peace. It was hard enough to make sure every single person concentrated on the difficult spells they needed to master on their own, forget about having the famous Harry Potter in the room scrutinizing them as well.

“Laura, I need to send out this report to the Ministry. Give it to Dawn. She’ll make sure Hermione gets it.” The young Auror nodded. She did not comment on Auror Tonks’ familiarity with the Minister or her assistant. When she left a soft knock sounded from her door. “Come in.”

Tonks looked up and smiled. “Hello, Cho.” She looked behind her and her smile faded. “What’s going on?” Tonks stood up and saw Cho’s entire team behind her.

“We think the cold war is going to break into a full one.” Tonks nodded and called an order for her contingent to assemble.

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Tragedy begins the final stand

Soils of greed lay their outward plans

Fruits of labor describe the end
Soldier's new and old, domains regained
Slay the starter destroys the world
Spare the man, prepares the sword
Lives are spared by neither choice
The ones who fall will gain the voice
Hark the dangers of fools and faith
Armies control the faceless wraith
End of ends has comes at last
Prepare thy self and accept the past

Mathew woke up with the voice chanting the poem repeatedly in his head. He turned his head and sighed. It was early and he would not be leaving for the House of Vanguard for several hours. The family volunteered to help the young man with his gift as many of their own members had what Mathew understood as the third sight, a very weak off shoot of his own abilities. The next three hours trudged along while he had his belongings packed and he took a long walk around the halls of Hogwarts. I wondered if he would ever return here as a student and ignored the impulse to sigh in disappointment. It was not fair for him to give up this school and those who meant a great deal to him. Mathew spoke to each professor that was there and finally made his way to the entrance escorted by Headmistress McGonagall.

"I will miss it now that I am leaving." Mathew looked at the Great Hall fondly before turning his back to it and walked towards the entrance to the castle.

"We will all miss you here Mr. Andrews." The new Headmistress smiled at the young man. "I hope that you do plan on finding time to

visit the students once or twice a year.” Mathew perked up at the thought. He did not think that he could visit rather than have others come to him. He smiled his gratitude before stepping outside.

“Oh my God.” Mathew stumbled before looking at the carriage. It was surrounded with a black aura. He never saw death so tangible before. He turned to his former teacher. “There is something wrong. I don’t know if it’s the Vanguard family or if I go there, but someone is going to die.” The Headmistress nodded and left quickly to her office.

Mathew slumped to the stairs and sat watching the aura as it contorted around the carriage. He could almost make out the outline of a threstral while the aura was going around the magical beast. Mathew looked at his watch and saw that he should have made it to Hogsmeade and been entering the castle where he would have trained soon. The black aura began to become thicker. It was not long before he could no longer see the carriage itself.

The aura of the carriage seemed to grow with every passing moment. The young man stood to take a few steps towards the carriage and immediately became sick. It smelled of decay. Mathew turned his head and retched out his lunch. He seemed to not want to look away from the aura. It was a strange sense of morbid curiosity at seeing the essence of death. With each passing moment the black aura began to grow beyond the carriage and slowly swept through the yard of the castle. Mathew gasped as he felt the aura envelope him and the castle he leaned against. Mathew stood up and ran to the headmistress’s office. He knew that he needed to leave. He had never ignored a warning before and this was screaming in a loud voice in his mind to run.

Mathew ran past the gargoyles that stood aside with the gate opened. He ran up the stairs and into the headmistress’s office. “Professor McGonagall!” The older woman saw the young man and closed off the fire connection to the Ministry.

“Thank you Mathew, I am unable to contact the family. I was talking with the Minister to have Aurors investigate the scene.”

Mathew exhaled. He did not want to let panic grip him while he did not know what was occurring at his supposed new home. Mathew felt the Aura of death begin to taint the air and said to the Headmistress. "I need to leave."

"Why is that? I would think you would be safest here. We do not believe it was an attack on you."

"Professor, please," Mathew looked back towards the door and the black aura began to reach the last peaks of the castle. "I am in danger here."

The Headmistress nodded and threw floo powder into the fire. "The Ministry of Magic!" The older woman grabbed the young man and they both disappeared into the fire.

The secretary began to drone off information and to hand them her wands. Mathew felt the sickening aura here as well. He tugged the Professor's sleeve and shook his head when she looked at him. "It's here too." Mathew took in several long breaths to steady himself.

"We need to speak Minister Granger now!" Snapped the older woman.

The secretary began to skeptically file out the necessary forms. Professor McGonagall just walked by the woman and dragged her student behind her. Several people approached to stop her but her glare made them slow and they then recognized who it was. The Headmistress of Hogwarts ignored everyone and entered the Ministers office ignoring the female assistant who protested. "Hermione!"

"Why are you here Professor? I thought our floo call..." She noticed the young man behind her and looked up to the older woman.

"This is Mathew Andrews. He is the one who gave us the warning. I think what ever is going on it is truly directed at this young man rather than the Vanguard. Mr. Andrews knows something is warning him."

Hermione of course had several conferences over what to do with the boy and his talents. She knew who he was and how he had found of

his powers. She never put much stock in divination, but that did not mean she would ignore it. She had enough experience with that branch of magic to know when to take it seriously. "How so?"

Mathew had began a cold sweat since they had entered the ministry. He looked up to the Minister of Magic. "The black aura is everywhere." His voice was quiet. "It is telling me I am going to die." Mathew shook and the Headmistress placed a steady arm around the boy. "It's here too, warning me, telling me that it is going to happen soon."

Minister Granger felt her heart go out to the boy. "Is there a place you think you can go and not be in this aura, and out of danger?"

Mathew shook his head then looked up suddenly. "I think there is a way to find a place. Do you have a map of the Isles?"

Hermione ignored her status and ran outside and grabbed the map that her assistant had on the wall. She ran back in and slammed the door shut and locked before placing several more charms along with the Headmistress around the office. Mathew smiled. The black fog lightened slightly. Hermione placed the map on her desk and Mathew closed his eyes to concentrate on the map to allow himself to focus on the islands. He opened his eyes and felt despair grip his heart. The whole map was black. Several grey holes littered the blanket of dark shadow. "Are you alright kid? You're crying." Mathew looked to the Minister and shook his head.

"There is no where." He looked at the map carefully. He concentrated on several holes and saw one in the middle of the ocean. He smiled slightly when it was white. "Here." He pointed to the spot. "It is the only place where what ever wants me will not reach."

Hermione looked at the map and almost laughed. "I would hope that place is secure. Are you sure you want to leave for there? Hogwarts is not safer?" Mathew's body began to shake at the memory of Hogwarts. Hermione saw the reaction. "Alright I guess not. Well, I'll have a large contingent of aurors escort you then."

"Wait what is it?"

"I can't tell you that here." Eight aurors entered the room and the Minister wrote out orders. "Take care of this young man." The guards saluted.

"Good bye Professor. Thank you Minister." Mathew ignored the blackening aura that had steadily becoming thicker while he was in the Ministers office.

"Follow me." An Auror looked at the young boy and then looked at the Minister to confirm where he was taking the boy. She gave a firm nod. "I will be sending a detailed message as soon as you leave." The group saluted and left with the young man in the middle of them.

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Hermione saw the boy leave and then looked to Minerva. "He will be safe. I promise." The Head mistress nodded and left. When the door closed Hermione shouted. "DAWN!" A young witch ran into the office breathless. "Get me five squads of Aurors to aid in the investigation of the Vanguard estate!" The assistant gave an affirmative yip before she ran out of the room. Hermione saw the aid leave and sighed that this was not something that will be blow out of proportion.

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Mathew felt several times where he knew he would spew but kept his mouth shut. The black fog was so thick that he stumbled a few times before he decided to not look at the aura of the people who had come to escort him. The Aurors escorting Mathew took him to the registration office that issued portkeys. "I need two class A portkeys to Field 1." The clerk nodded and several minutes passed where Mathew felt like he would pass out from the black fog that had settled around him. He could not hear the voices that ordered him to grab a hold of the portkey. He barely registered the hand moving his own to grab the book that held his final destination. Mathew took in several deep breaths of air as he felt his body over come from the lack of pressure. He collapsed to the floor while he let his swimming mind settle before looking at his surroundings. Mathew found he was on an island. He felt a chill go through his back at one look at the water. The

black aura was here too, it just stopped at the edge of whatever wards hid this place.

“Hey kid, are you alright?” Asked a younger Auror. He was closer to Mathew’s age than the Ministers. The other Aurors looked at him grimly. Mat did not know but his face was still a chalk white.

Mathew looked at the Aurors. “I am fine.” The young oracle sighed. He was glad to no longer feel sick and looked at the building on the island. His eyes widened at the fortress that was imbedded into the very stone of the island. It was not carved. It was molded right from the very stone, as if that was how the mountain had always been. The intricate patterns around the buildings were each powerful wards that the young man could feel with every fiber of his sixth sense. Whatever this place was, it was the safest place his mind could be. No stray thoughts, directed malice or even his own thoughts seemed to hold much resonance here. “Where are we?”

The leading Auror smiled at the boy. “Welcome to Bakan Prison.”

Mathew looked up in surprise. He never gave much thought what the highest security prison would look like but he had always thought it would be like a dark dungeon rather than this palace. The Aurors escorted him through the upper levels. When they stopped at a door, only one Auror escorted him in. The Auror saluted to the man at the desk of the richly furnished office. The Auror looked to the boy, “This is Granza Archensen. He is the warden of this facility and will arrange your living quarters.”

The middle aged man looked over his mustache and beard and down to the boy who stood in front of his desk. He nodded to the child. “I do not normally run a hotel here, but as this is the most secure part of the world it is understandable that such measures are needed.” He said the words carefully and delicately. Mathew understood this as he saw the fluctuating aura of the man. It argued that the boy should not be here, that the Minister is wrong and that he should never be in charge of children regardless of their abilities and age.

Mathew said equally as carefully. “Thank you for your hospitality, I am sure you are not used to a presence of a guest, much less a young

one. I will be as forth coming with my needs, and not with my wants. I just need a place to be protected, not a place to be waited on hand and foot." The old man smiled at the boy.

"Very well. We have arranged rooms in the Maximum security wing as they are the only rooms available away from the hardest criminals and they have the most accommodations."

"The Maximum security wing?" Mathew looked at the man disbelievingly.

The man coughed. "There is only one person there that occupies a cell, or rather room. And she is little threat to anyone."

Mathew nodded and a few short minutes later he was taken several hundred feet below the top level to the Maximum security wing. He noticed a room he passed that seemed to be an apparation point. It looked to be only two exits out of this wing. Through the one way door where he arrived or through the apparation point that had several different doors to go through. The auror who escorted him asked several questions to keep the tone light. Mathew smiled at the attempt and said a few words sportingly in return.

Mathew was taken through a single long hall before he found a center room. The room was a large circular room that connected half a dozen halls like spokes in a wheel. There was an auror stationed at two of the hall entrances. The Auror who was leading him was about to lead him down one hall on the far side of the large room when Mathew stopped. His mind told him to go down the other hall that an Auror was guarding. Mathew looked at the hall and turned to his escort. "What is down that one?"

"That is the only prisoner at this level. She is pretty quiet except for the single guard that she talks to regularly."

Mathew looked at the auras of the hall and the men guarding it. They both felt it was a waste of time guarding that post while the aura of the hall was almost serene. "I need to go down that hall." Mathew felt positive that he needed to see for himself what kind of person has a life imprisonment sentence that these Aurors would think would not

need to be guarded. He ignored the protests of the Aurors around him and had he been paying attention, he would have seen the look of fear in their faces. They no longer saw a boy walking in front of them. They saw a powerful prophet. Mathew never understood how famous he was. But everyone knew what he will be and who he is now. This boy commanded as much respect as many of his elders.

Mathew walked down the hall in a daze. The lining carvings and the enchantments that lined the walls were barely noticeable to him. He stopped at the door at the end of the hall and without knowing how, it opened for him. The Aurors stood behind him watching him but not daring to touch him. He entered and found the room much like any household. A single woman sat at a table stacked with books and scrolls. When she looked up Mathew felt that he found what he had been looking for. The confidence and stability this woman exuded was enough for him to understand a little of himself. Mathew turned to the Auror who had escorted him. "I have found my teacher."

Beta: psycotoo

Disclaimer: Yes its that time again for those of you who actually read this to get a kick out of the redundancy of covering my ass and pointing out that if you haven't read it in the last chapter, I don't own Harry Potter and subsequent characters. I do own several original characters who make an appearance throught this story. Well enough of that. Enjoy the story

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As Mathew was placed in protection at Bakan Prison, fourteen Aurors stood around the perimeter of the Vanguard Estate. A single man stood and turned from the ward he was examining. "We can not enter, there are too many wards. Give us an hour and we might break through." The lead Auror nodded for them to continue.

"I'll return in a moment. Proceed as safety permits." The Aurors all saluted before their leader apparated to the Ministry of Magic. He was breaking rank by going straight to the Minister, but it was her personal request that sent his men to the property.

“What have you found Mr. Dent?” The Minister did not look up from her papers. The Auror smiled at her. To most it would look like the Minister did not care about the information he was about to give. But the younger man knew the signs of her nervousness and the way she handled her quill and the way her eyebrows raised.

“Minister we can not enter. We are still looking for a way in. It is likely someone must have seen us and raised anti-portkey wards. They were not present when we first arrived at the estates perimeter. I have seen some heavy apparation and repelling wards but to be frank, these are damn strong. I think who ever is in control has manipulated the existing wards around the Vanguard’s home. They were easily remade to keep them in as well as keep others out.”

“Proceed with what ever plans you see fit. Has there been any word about Nymphadora Tonks or Cho Longbottom?”

The man shook his head. Hermione nodded and did not want to think that her husband had most likely disappeared with them. Hermione returned to her papers and continued to fill out the release form of Aurors. "I'll handle your breach of protocol." The young man smiled and nodded before leaving out the door and apparating back to the estate.

Chapter 2 facade

"Wake up sweetie. We both have a long evening ahead of us." The blinds were closed and to the two inside the room it could have easily been early morning rather than late afternoon. Harry Potter's footsteps sounded off the wooden floor and the springs creaked when he sat on the bed next to his wife.

"I rather you come back to bed." Susan sighed happily as she pulled her already dressed husband back into bed. He laughed and kissed her. He ran his hand through her messy hair and kissed her cheek. Susan saw the look in his eyes and sighed. "Must we really get going?" She laced her arms through her husbands and cuddled closely to him.

He kissed her deeply. "I know you need to go speak with the healers at St. Mungos tonight. You should get ready. We still haven't eaten yet. And I want to go in today and talk to Tonks about her trainees. A few are a little iffy. If you know what I mean." Susan grumbled but kissed him before pulling herself out of bed. Harry left her to get dressed and started an early dinner.

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"Your teacher..." Cyan stood up from her chair at the table and walked over to the young man. The young man had the look of recovering from illness. "And you are?" She prompted.

"Mathew Andrews."

Cyan looked at him while her mind was racing through what might have happened. "The little prophet..." The Aurors took the comment as an insult and raised their wands to the woman. She ignored them

and moved her hand to her mouth, silently thinking. "It is starting. There was an assassination attempt on your life. There is a large fight now involving many Aurors. This is leaving Hermione vulnerable." She said it quietly to herself but the Aurors seemed to have forgotten that this woman was no threat to them and were ready to restrain her. Cyan snapped out of her trance and looked to the Aurors who were glaring at her. "Don't just stand there! Your Minister is in danger!" The Aurors looked at each other unsure.

Mathew turned to them. "Go see about Minister Granger. I will be fine here." Mathew's calm voice was all they needed to start moving. The four Aurors ran out of the hall and to the portkey room. Mathew looked at the woman he wanted to call teacher. During her whole reasoning her aura did not shift from the serene colors he saw now. Her aura was warm blue and greens that surrounded her. Mathew thought about what he knew. His mind started speaking before he knew what he said. "You have been working with the Minister for a while now haven't you..." Cyan gave a small smile. The two began walking around each other while slowly assessing their new kinship.

"The prison was the safest place for you..." Cyan looked at the teen who returned her gaze as an equal.

"You don't have true abilities in Divination..."

"You are not able to live normally with your own abilities..."

They both stopped and stared at each other. The room was silent except for their breathing. They both stood in the open living room until they both turned away at the same moment. Cyan chuckled and Mathew sighed. "This is interesting." Cyan sat on the couch and motioned for her new student to sit across from her.

"I thought so." Mathew smiled widely. It was the first time he felt relaxed around anyone in a long while. Even when he was with Alice and Owen, he was still reserved. There was always something that would play in his mind. A small thought or suggestion poking at the base of his head telling him one thing or another. With this woman there was none of that. When he saw her aura he felt accepted and knew she held no judgment for him or for any of his problems or

abilities. The openness of her eyes and mind put the young man at ease more than he felt when looking into Alice's eyes. Mathew looked at his mentor and saw someone who had experienced and handled things he is trying to handle and will handle later on in life. He saw that it's possible to live a life without the need to break his mind or body.

Cyan looked at the boy and felt a connection she had not experienced. One like a parent but only more so. The young man had obviously had some gifts for sight. She had read reports of his minor predictions. His mind was open to her and she understood the anxiety he faced. She smiled at him and offered him something to drink. He gladly accepted water.

Finally, Mathew asked the question he had wondered since she had mentioned it. "Why do you think Minister Weasley would be attacked now?"

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Tonks looked to her left. The small spell on the fireplace turned from a small glowing blue light to a red one signaled a warning that the floo network was disconnected. The group stood in the middle of the reception room on the third floor. The main building was the easiest building to defend but the surrounding ones would be destroyed if the Raiders did not do something.

Ron looked at the fireplace and smiled. The floo was the last thing to be cut off. The Raiders had suspected that a private company might have been moving to attack this estate. When the public announcement was made that the Vanguard family would be housing the Oracle for a few months it was too tempting of a target for abduction or getting rid of another wizard that strengthened the image of Britain. The goal for this attack was likely to be to capture the young prophet, Mathew Andrews. When they found the boy was not there, they immediately had begun to prepare for an attack. It was unlikely that whoever would come was behind the boys absence. The information Cho had received was three hours old and unlikely to have changed since the primary target was not here.

Ron was relieved that the team was able to portkey the last of the Vanguard family before the restrictive wards went up around the building trapping them there. He stood among several books he had made into portkeys which were now useless. He moved out the door and signaled for his sister in law, Katie, to follow him. "Cho, we are getting into position."

Cho waved her hand to signal she heard. She looked at the three other teams in the room. They were quickly organizing their plans over a large map of the property. Cho saw her team and the lady of the estate stand in front of the map while they dissected its defenses. "Are you sure you would like to stay Sir?" Cho asked respectfully.

The burly man smiled at his wife. "I would never abandon my ancestral home." The man was cut off by a sudden explosion. They all ran to the balcony and saw one of the guest houses was destroyed.

"I have no time for arguments. Mr. Vanguard will you please aide Miss Tonks and Mr. Snape in defending the main building while we move ahead to cut them off?" The man nodded. He had heard of the Raiders through his friend Albus Dumbledore but it never crossed his mind how young they were. Many of the men and women who had come to him a short hour ago could not be over twenty eight. And these Raiders had been operating for at least ten years. Albus had said they started their organization while at Hogwarts but it had been decades since he himself had seen a young man or woman their age. Much of his own family was into their third generation. His children seldom had a chance to spend time with their own. Never mind visiting the crass old man who was their father.

The Avant family, now known as Vanguard, had been an active Wizarding family for well over two thousand years. They are the most influential family - the family that had a hand in the formation of the British Empire. They had aided in times of war and stayed neutral in wizarding conflicts that would lessen the worth of the family name. In the family's long history they had never had an attack on their personal estate. The family had at one time a standing army for their defense. Now in the relative peaceful times of the past century they had grown complacent. The solid peace they had experienced for the

past several years lulled the family into a sense of security. They had not thought their actions threatening enough to others to warrant an attack.

Klamin Vanguard stood on the balcony and waited for the line that these young men and women formed to be breached. There was a thunderous screech and half a dozen trolls crumbled another building. Their clubs decimated walls and support beams. A third building on his right fell and Klamin wondered for the first time in his long life why such a young man would be worth all this. The young Auror named Cho Longbottom had told him that the attacking force was hunting the boy. Klamin had planned on teaching the young man several techniques to aid him in controlling his fits. Harry Potter had spoken to him for the first time in years to ask for help.

It was because the first words that the young man had said was a plea for help that struck Klamin. It was truly troubling that Harry himself was unable to help the boy and the others they found to help Mathew Andrews were of little aid. An old family with limited divination skills may have found ways to aid a boy who has no experience with diviners except for those who would randomly appear in the world was bad enough. But many of those become exceedingly eccentric. Klamin had agreed without much persuasion to aid Harry Potter this one time. Klamin smiled at the memory of Harry's relief. The two had been at odds since Klamin had said his family would not be involved in the minor war with Voldemort. The war itself was pitiful and not worth the time to aid in. Many of the family had agreed since they saw to some extent that the war would end in two years time from the first visit Harry Potter appeared at their door step.

Now that Potter's creation was here in his defense Klamin Vanguard wondered how wise it was to refuse aid. Not that he had regrets. For a man who must accept all of the consequences as is his duty as the head of the family he must never regret. Klamin just wondered had he helped or been more attentive to the threat someone like Voldemort could do, would his own family be in such danger? Unfortunately none of his family foresaw this turn of events. They only recognized their danger moments after the Raiders appeared and had tried to convince them that they needed to leave.

Fifty wizards attacked the household. "Klamin!" The father and householder saw the man named Mr. Snape. "Tonks and I need to try and break down the anti-apparation wards. Will you please tell us if the second line is breached?" Klamin nodded and Mr. Snape left.

The building rocked as another explosion destroyed a fourth building. Klamin stood there and calmly saw his home being attacked. His fist shook and he cursed his own lack of involvement in any kind of armed conflict. He himself knew only a handful of dueling spells from his days as a student. Evelyn was the same. She knew enough for self defense. The two would be ill suited to fight along experienced wizards.

Evelyn took his hand and leaned against him while watching the battle before them. "Do you think the young man is alright?"

Klamin grunted. In truth the carriage never arrived. The young man Mathew should have arrived hours ago. It concerned the old man more when he thought of what these wizards would do to the boy if they find him. "I hope so Evie."

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Susan appeared at the table and sat down as Harry had finished serving the seasoned pork. Susan gave one look at it before saying. "You shouldn't use magic on something as simple as a meal. You will wear yourself out again." Harry smiled back.

"I have nothing else to do for the next few weeks, so I decided to splurge. Besides I know this is your favorite." Susan grinned at him.

"Thank you." They ate their meal and talked over what they would want to do tomorrow as they slept their whole day away. Susan smiled and muttered something about the wood floors needing polishing. Harry smiled and shook his head. No doubt that was a task he was expected to do. They finished their meal and Harry checked the messages on their answering machine.

Dad, can you pick us up at the leaky cauldron? We don't have any money for floo, they jacked up the price! Can you believe it? I think

we need to start carrying our own floo powder now. Talk to you when you come by! Muah!

Harry smiled and called over to Susan. “ I guess I am not visiting Tonks, I need to pick up Alice. They raised the taxes on floo travel again and she has no money.”

Susan groaned before saying, “she is richer than you are. How is she out of money?” Harry laughed loudly. He erased the message while Susan continued to talk. “Alright. Go and take her out if you two are bored, I know you haven’t taken her to a movie in a few months.” There was a loud clanging sound in the kitchen before Harry looked over and began to laugh at the scene there.

“And what, may I ask, are you doing?”

Susan reddened as she tried not to break a soapy dish. She was horrible with house cleaning spells and when it came to soap she was as dangerous as their friend Nymphadora Tonks. “Just trying to learn how to do this sweetie.”

Harry walked behind his wife and kissed her neck. “I love you.”

Susan leaned into the kiss and sighed out, “I love you too.” Harry pulled her from the sink and told her to go change. She was soaked from chest to legs in soapy water. Harry’s wife giggled but dried her hands with a dish towel before walking up the stairs to their room.

Susan returned in her professional robes and wrapped her arms around her husband who finished the dishes. “I will be back in a few hours. You two have fun o.k?”

Harry nodded and kissed her again before she floo’ed to St. Mungo’s mindful to take an extra amount for the return home.

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Cho dodged several hexes before casting her light flash charm. She spat out some blood that had started to pour into her mouth. She was hit by a unknown curse and knew she was bleeding internally. Cho

saw that many of the wizards that were down were quickly pulled to the back and healed. Luna ran to her side and nodded at the movements the attackers were making as well. "Luna, we need to regroup." Luna simply raised her wand to herself and the several remaining attackers on the Vanguard estate shifted their aim to Cho's left. Cho saw her image fighting against the wizards who had attacked the manor. Luna pulled her friend Erika to her feet and Cho healed her quickly.

Ron ran next to them and looked at the field around them. Many of the attacking wizards wore blue robes. Each person he felled were as non-descript as the one before them. That in itself caused him to wonder who these men were. The Vanguard family had many friends and few enemies. And of those, none who would attack in such a way. "We need to end this quickly." Ronald Weasley raised his hand to the building that was ready to collapse and shouted loudly as several walls burst into water flooding the attackers and making them lose their footing. To a Raider, everyone shouted stunner after stunner. Luna and her best friend Erika quickly trapped each downed person in an illusion of being in prison.

Ron silently thanked Harry for forcing them all to think of the unorthodox in the middle of a fight. It was clear that these wizards had no imagination when using their spells. They simply fired standard disarming and incapacitating spells at the Raiders.

Several screeches and screams resounded in the air. Ron moved his wand hand to his mouth. "What was that?"

"The trolls are headed your way bro." Ron saw a wall from the house next to him crumble. Three powerful trolls looked down at the red head and growled at him.

Behind him, Ron heard Neville shout a horrified "No!" Each of the raised troll clubs slammed down towards Ron.

Cyan looked at Mathew in surprise, did he really not know the position the Minister was in? "The Minister is the leader of magical Britain. If she is killed there would be so much chaos that the people of the country wouldn't know what to do. Naturally there is a chain of who becomes the next Minister until an election is ready, but the morale will be severely destroyed and that can easily break the economy again. Several countries want to keep Britain weak."

Mathew was never one to understand politics but the information she was giving was grave. A small voice in his mind said aloud. "There is a cold war between several countries and Britain isn't there?"

Cyan nodded. "You know there had been dozens of assassination attempts on Hermione Granger-Weasley's life."

Mathew nodded. "She has had twelve assassination attempts since she became Minister. It's the record for the office in several countries."

Cyan smiled wearily at the teen. That was not something one should be proud of. "Britain has been on the front lines of conflict for the past century. We have supreme mandate over all decisions dozens of countries make. That in itself would create many enemies."

Mathew had not had his mind working in such a way before and felt the words spoken before he fully grasped at the ideas. "She is a good Minister. She is not just changing Britain she has changed other governments as well."

Cyan nodded. "She would be first to be killed, but if any country wanted to cripple Britain, they would need to kill or at least marginalize the most influential witches and wizards of the country."

Mathew looked at his fingers when he named off names. "Minister Granger, Albus, Harry... and me?"

Cyan smiled. "Yes." It was not lost on her the authority the boy exuded when he was speaking to the aurors. Mathew must have followed the same thoughts as he looked around the room and realized that he was sitting alone with a convicted criminal in a cell

made to be lived in for the occupants whole life. Mathew squirmed in his seat a moment but finally became comfortable and looked back at the woman sitting across from him.

“Why do you think that Albus or Harry would not have been targeted first?”

Cyan snorted. “Albus Dumbledore is Albus Dumbledore. And do you honestly think that Harry would been an easy target? He single handedly placed down my army...” Cyan looked at the boys shocked face.

“You don’t know...”

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So this is it. Ron did not even have the chance to blink before he knew he was about to die. Troll clubs... of all the things, it had to be troll clubs. He eyed the first club in its decent and made no move to dodge. It would be useless as the other two clubs behind the first would have hit him either way he escaped. Ron was startled out of his reverie when a silver shield surrounded him. Three loud thuds met the shield. Ron looked to his right and saw Aurors flooding the court yards. Leading them were two young Aurors. One was followed by a silver bear and the other had glowing silver eyes. The female Auror with silver eyes pointed her wand at the dome and it suddenly reversed and surrounded the Trolls. The three heavy monstrosities were pressed against the ground and were unable to move.

Bruce Dent pointed his hand towards the deeper side of the court yard. “Secure the down wizards. Medical, proceed and aid Auror Longbottom and the defenders.”

Pamela Johnson helped Ron to his feet. “Are you alright?” Ron nodded dumbly as he picked up his wand that had fallen to the ground and back to the other trolls who were literally making their own paths through the buildings to them.

“Mind if I help with these?” He gestured to the half dozen trolls that had cleared the building in front of them. They roared at the sight of the other downed trolls.

Bruce smiled at the Quidditch coach. “By all means, Pam here isn’t even supposed to be helping. She is still in training.”

Pam swore at him but Ron caught the easy laughter. “I’ll handle defense if you two can concentrate on attacking.” The female Auror said. Ron nodded and raised his wand.

Bruce stood next to him and said quietly. “Integrate” The silver bear next to him disappeared and Ron recognized the silver quality in their eyes. It suddenly struck him that these two were Harry’s students several years ago.

The Trolls were next to them in seconds and were rebounding their clubs off of the shield that appeared around them. Pam flinched slightly from each hit but remained fine. Ron concentrated before he shouted. “Solasis!” Lightning burst from his wand and traveled down one of the clubs and shocked the Trolls hand. Several more trolls appeared through the paths the previous trolls made.

Bruce lowered his wand and clapped and held his hands together. The Auror then knelt and placed his hands on the ground. The ground suddenly fissured releasing super heated air at the trolls. Many of the trolls back and writhed in pain from the sudden scalding air.

Ron felt a pang of jealousy from the spell but quickly ignored it while banishing clubs directly at the trolls who were still standing. After three minutes fourteen trolls were sprawled in front of the two wizards and witch. “We need to check on the others.” Ron did not bother to say anything else before running to sounds of spells that came from deeper into the estate. Pam and Bruce followed behind him.

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“You don’t know about Harry Potter having been under a curse.”

Cyan's shocked face reflected Mathews. "How? When?"

"I wouldn't have known about it if Harry hadn't told me himself, but it was a final curse by Voldemort. I don't know the details but I do know that right after your arrest, he performed a ritual that sealed off the curse. Right now he is rather vulnerable."

Cyan took in the new information. It never occurred to her that Harry Potter might have been disabled in some way. She looked to her student eager for answers for her to play out her scenarios. "How weak?"

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Ron, Bruce and Pam stopped at the inner court yard and sighed. The Aurors and the Raiders had out numbered the attackers now and there were several small fights that quickly ended on the other side of the compound. Other wizards nearby began to plan repairing charms on the lesser damaged buildings and the medical staff were attending the wounded attackers. More Aurors continued to apparate in and secure the grounds while talking to head of the house. Ron ran up to Tonks and Severus and gave a victorious smile.

"Wipe that idiotic grin off your face, Weasley." Ron laughed and shook the charming man's hand. It was a good day. Ron's twin brothers Fred and George tackled him. They all laughed, glad that they were all ok. Luna was followed by her team and Neville smiled at his wife. The Raiders slowly gathered near Klamin Vanguard and the man was surprised that they all looked to him for direction.

Klamin himself began to speak to several Aurors of the events that had transpired. "My friends and I were suddenly alarmed to see that one of the outer staff halls had crumbled. We promptly defended my home."

The Auror looked at the man skeptically. He eyed the wizards and witches behind the master of the estate but merely nodded and wrote it down. Cho and Neville walked to Klamin as the Auror left. "Thank you for covering for us."

"It is the least I could do. I..." The air was filled with sudden clacking noises. The group turned to the prisoners and to a man they all disappeared.

An Auror who saw them quickly raised her hand and a silver sphere circled one man. His body tried to disappear but did not.

"The trolls are gone too!" Tonks and Severus had heard the call from their left down the courts outer ring and nodded to the other Raiders. Nymphadora Tonks and Cho Longbottom were senior Aurors. They walked to the prisoner and nodded to the girl they recognized as Pamela Johnson.

"Thank you Miss Johnson." Cho smiled reassuringly at the young Auror. She smiled weakly in return. She knew she really shouldn't have been there.

Tonks knelt in front of the only prisoner and cast several spells until she reached into his mouth and pulled out a tooth. She disabled the portkey and sealed it in a bag. "Have Investigation see where this portkey goes." Pam broke the sphere around the man and took the portkey.

Cho stopped her as she walked by. "And Pam?" The girl slowed for a second dreading what the head Auror was about to say. "Good job. You are going to make a fine full fledged Auror." Pam smiled widely and ran to several other Aurors to escort her back to the main office.

Cho turned back to Tonks who was looking at her with a large impish smile. "What?"

"You big softie."

Cho laughed quietly and turned back to the scene that had held them there for the past three hours. "I got a report saying that Mathew Andrews was taken to the Ministry after sensing he was in danger. He is in a secure location. The Minister was fine as well. As soon as the young oracle thought of it, he ordered the Aurors guarding him to make sure the Minister was safe."

Tonks snorted. She had only met the young man a few times herself and that was before he was famous. She looked at the buildings that were slowly being reconstructed. "It doesn't make sense. This was too short of a battle for the information you obtained."

"You are right, there should have been an attack force twice this size here. While it was nice to have everyone here, I don't think I would have mobilized the whole Raiders if the attack force was small. We would have had an easier time bottlenecking them to attack a small defending force than a sprawled one."

Tonks understood. "So if they weren't here was there another target?" Both women felt unsettled at the thought.

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Harry Potter pulled his station wagon into the parking lot a block away from the leaky cauldron. He walked calmly wondering what was going to do with his daughter. He was not sure if she was bringing others over and was beginning to plan on what to cook for their dinner or if they had already eaten. He entered the leaky cauldron and smiled at Tom. The toothless bartender smiled back. The patrons ignored Harry Potter while he stood in the form of James Dursley. He went to the bar and leaned forward to Tom.

"Have you seen my daughter around?"

Tom laughed loudly and pointed outside. "She said that she would return quickly. I think she had forgotten something." Harry smiled and proceeded outside the back door and pressed the bricks to enter Diagon Alley. Harry Potter had only a fraction of the power he once possessed but it was still enough to find his daughter quickly. He saw her run down the alley and he waved his hand to her as she ran toward him. She smiled as she slowed down.

"Hey dad. Sorry about that. I wanted to get mom a chocolate frog. There is a new card with her in it and wanted to play the odds." Harry smiled. His wife Susan was a field medic during the 'second war' as it was called now, after Voldemort's resurrection. She had helped with many projects at St. Mungos on many magical diseases and had

been recognized publicly a few years ago for her service during the war. It was enough for her to be famous in her own right and it had bothered her as much as Harry's fame used to bother him.

"That's fine sweetie, is it just you?" Alice nodded and the two started heading for the Leaky Cauldron and then to Harry's car. "I take it that your shopping today was good?"

Alice laughed. "It was great until we decided that we wanted to go home. Owen got a ride from his dad already, but with four galleons for floo I believe he is thinking of getting his drivers license. I think I should look into it too. This is ridiculous with how controlled transportation is getting."

Harry silently agreed with her. Almost all public places have forbidden apparation on their grounds and many apparation points have been dismantled. The only reliable means of transportation would be by muggle transport or by floo. Unfortunately many floo powder manufacturers have raised the price of floo powder by over fifty times. The Ministry has done some thing to regulate the price, but people would rather pay the high prices than remove the apparation wards that ensured safety in their villages and plazas.

Many students who were old enough to apparate no longer apply as they are unable to apparate to public domains. Portkey was still a high commodity and far more expensive than floo ever would be. This left for witches and wizards to either pay the high prices or apparate a distance away and walk to the town of their choice. Many chose to simply pay the high prices rather than walk.

Harry smiled to himself. "I think I am going to start to give you a muggle allowance so you could afford the metro. I don't know if I want you to drive up here every time you want to save money."

Alice laughed but nodded. The two began to walk around the corner and into the alley where Harry had parked the car. Harry placed his hand on her shoulder as many wizards apparated around them. Harry gripped his daughters shoulder and felt his body jolt with magic. Harry muttered under his breath. "Anti-Apparation wards."

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Mathew looked at the person he called teacher and thought of the actions Harry had done up till now. In truth, Mathew himself never knew how weakened Harry Potter was now that he had sealed off a part of himself. "I am not sure... But he has never demonstrated his summoning magic. Now that I think about it, I don't believe he has been in a fight since your attack on Hogwarts."

Cyan processed the information. She closed her eyes and thought of the dozens of scenarios. She berated herself for never picking up on the signs Hermione had given her dozens of times when she spoke about Harry Potter's safety. "If he was unable to fight using summonings, he is still an impressive fighter. But this information that a weakened Harry is walking among us is very confidential information. How would anyone find out about it?"

Mathew closed his eyes and thought of the things he had seen in his mind and a memory of a personal teacher appeared in his mind. Mathew groaned. "I was the leak. I had not learned Occlumency when this one tutor had come to visit. I would often get warnings about this teacher but largely ignored them. He had been helping me a lot for that point with my headaches. But now that I think about it, he must have just worn my mind out for me to not feel them. Crap."

Cyan placed a gentle hand on his shoulder. "We know now. That is what is important. Go find an Auror. I can't leave this room." Mathew stood and ran out the door. Cyan could not see any auras but could feel the guilt come off the young man in layers. She silently hoped he would forgive himself.

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"Who are you?" Harry received dozens of wands raised in answer. Alice looked at her father who raised both his hands outward. She pulled her wand and concentrated. Alice squinted her eyes before they turned silver. A silver gorilla appeared next to her only to growl at the wizards that had encircled the father and daughter.

Harry had not been in a fight for a long time and suddenly felt anxious. The wizards were numerous. He clenched his out stretched fists and felt the little magic he had in his body remold. Every ounce of idle magic was refocused on the coming battle. He did not know how long he could fight for, only that his daughter was in danger. With a sarcastic grin, Harry looked at his daughter. "I got the ones on the left."

Alice smiled back and gave a mock whine as the first attacking curse flew towards them. "But there are more wizards on the left."

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A/N: alright! No previews this time around as I am literally flying by the seat of my pants. You can blame star wars episode 3 for this almost not making deadline today, but with this chapter done I think I have a good momentum going for the next few chapters.

A silver-blond man walked up to the desk and stood at attention. "Sir, the abduction was a failure and the second attack has just commenced."

The man at the desk listened to the report with no interest. He smoked his cigar for a long breath before he took it out and set it on its tray. The soldier looked at the richly dressed man waiting for a response. The sitting man finally looked up from his papers. "The failure is fine. A message was sent and if this second mission is a failure as well, there is no problem. We have all the time in the world."

"Sir, if I may speak freely?" The young man sneered at the smell of the cigar. It was a noxious muggle thing that stunk the air. He managed not to choke on the smell when he addressed his client.

"It is what I am paying you for, of course you may Malfoy." Draco Malfoy lowered his head. It was hard to accept orders from lower class people like his current employer. As a fugitive with no claim to a title and no money, he had little choice but to choose the life of a mercenary.

"Is it wise to provoke Potter in such a way?" Malfoy's breath was even.

The man smiled. "Potter is simply a wounded dog. He will bite the hand that feeds him just like any other mongrel. All he needs is the right persuasion. Just one out burst by him is all we need. Just one and we can proceed with the rest of our plans."

Draco nodded and left thinking the man a fool. A rich fool, but a fool none the less.

Chapter 3 Broken Ink

Harry looked at the wizards in blue robes who surrounded him and his daughter. Each one had no hood and a wand pointed at him, not his daughter. Several spells were aimed at him and he saw his daughter notice the focus was on him and not her. Harry dodged three hexes before two caught his leg. Alice concentrated her magic and raised four stone walls around the two of them.

"That's not going to hold dad." They both could hear the stone cracking under the pressure of forty wands attacking from all sides.

"It's enough time." Harry gripped his gloved hands. The gloves were used to refocus his now 'thin' magic as he had come to call it. He felt the magic pour through his minds' hands and re-channel it. Harry raised his hand and began to wave it in a circle. Harry smiled weakly when he felt the trash around the alley respond to the spell. The new wall began to obscure the wizards' view of the stone walls. Harry kept moving his right hand in a large circle. Rock from the wall, trash and dirt began to be pulled to the spinning shield that he had created. "When I say, 'now', banish the walls." Harry took a deep breath and the spinning winds around the stone walls slowed. "Now." Alice raised her wand at one wall at a time forcing the wall into hundreds of stone projectiles in every direction. Harry grunted as he forced the spinning vortex to pick up speed again.

The shield Harry made was only able to block the wizards view. Alice saw the limitations of the wall and pointed Rin to one side of Harry and she moved to the other. Three wizards managed not to be hurt too badly passing through the spinning debris. Alice pointed her wand at them. "Expelleraimus" The three wizards were thrown back out of the ring. Harry closed his eyes to concentrate on the spell. It was quickly becoming more difficult to maintain as it got larger. He moved his body occasionally when he felt a hex pass the barrier and head in his direction.

Alice conjured blocks that blocked many of the spells aimed at her and her father when several spells began to make holes in the spinning shield. She screamed when a cutting hex ran across her forehead. "Rin return fire!" She said viciously. Alice felt the blood from the hex run down behind her ear but did not have time to tend to it.

The silver gorilla roared, "Yes mistress." Rin slapped his hand in mid air and a sudden block of concrete appeared. The block was launched through the spinning shield. Several wizard screamed as they were hit in a loud crunch of shattering rock. A few moments later several wizards tried to get past the spinning wall again only to be physically hit by either Alice or her summon. The attackers resigned after the tenth wizard was thrown into the air to fire hexes into the

hurricane that was still picking up speed around the father and daughter. Trash intercepted many of the curses and the ones that passed through were dodged, but Alice knew that her father was tiring.

From the alley a wizard yelled at his subordinates. "On my mark fire at once!" A dozen wizards raised their wands and fired a variety of curses as the wizard lowered his hand.

Broken glass, paper and gravel blocked or deflected all of the spells. Harry panted at the exertion. He had fought all kinds of battles from Bellatrix's cruelty, Voldemorts pure power to Cyan's cunning but this simple application of defense has been the hardest task he had ever experienced. A wave of spells pressed his magic to reinforce itself. More magic flowed from him in checked amounts. He looked to his daughter and Alice saw his struggling face. She did not panic or show any signs of concern, only understanding. She pressed her own counter attacks careful of protecting her father when he could not move.

Harry could feel the wizards reorganizing for another single assault. He concentrated on the spell and opened his eyes. The debris was moving faster. Loose bricks and pieces of concrete from pot holes along the street and buildings began to add to the spinning wall. The assaults stopped when he could no longer see his attackers.

The few moments allowed Alice and her father to think about why this was happening. Harry Potter was the most powerful wizard alive. These wizards attacked as if he was not the threat many see him to be. Harry saw his daughter fire spells through the barrier Harry made. Each one passed with no resistance. These attackers knew that their target was weak if indeed their target was Harry and not his daughter Alice.

Thoughts of how this information was leaked passed through Harry's mind but he could not find any way anyone would have found out about his situation. Harry dodged several other hexes that broke through and were fired blindly. Harry was unable to use his own skill of sight to know how many wizards were there. Nor did he have the energy for any other spell when this one died. The magic Harry had

was finely measured and used sparingly and the wizard only had so much left before he would be completely drained.

Alice saw her father strain with just the shallow defense. Alice looked at Rin and concentrated on her summon. The silver gorilla grew until it was four meters and was taking up much of the room in the vortex. Alice pointed beyond the barrier. "Rin, tear them apart!" Rin roared and leaped through the barrier. A few wizards yelled in surprise before the gorilla took one by his shoulder and swung him around to hit several of his fellow wizards. Rin let go of the man when he screamed and heard a pop from his living club's shoulder. Rin crushed several wands and proceeded to move counterclockwise around his summoner. He quickly grabbed another by the foot and hit several other wizards into a wall before they recovered and began to fire curses at the animal. All of the attacking wizards changed their target from the cyclone to the silver animal that was destroying their ranks.

Alice gasped while watching her summon using sight. Rin dodged several hexes and leaped onto the fire escape above them before rebounding off the wall and slamming back into the ground crushing four wizards at once. Rin roared at several hexes when they made their mark and fell back into the cyclone. Rin looked to Alice. She knelt next to him and patted his injured shoulder. She smiled at him before Rin disappeared. Alice stood up and looked around the cyclone using sight since she could no longer see anything beyond the spinning wall that whipped her hair over her face. "Down to thirty wizards dad. The rest must have portkeyed or ran." The hexes began to come again and Harry concentrated on the cyclone of debris that was slowly building around him. "Sorry but Rin is hurt."

"I know. I can only attack physically now. This is the last of my magic. Do your best to stun them as hard as you can."

Alice smiled and said, "Left side." as the cyclone fell.

Harry only scowled and used the last of his magic to cast a strong barrier around his daughter before he started dodging curses and closing the gap between him and his attackers.

Susan Potter took a seat at the table. She was already excited after reading the second report. Her friend Julia Madison took a seat next to her at the table and smiled. "Hello Julia. How are the tests going?"

Julia shook her head exasperatedly. Susan frowned but Julia smiled when she said, "Not good so far. The best way so far is still to simply burn excess energy from the patient through a wand."

Susan nodded. Susan had been working on a project along with several medical doctors with children who suffer from magical burns. There were very few cases of it, but children who had sparks of high magic due to emotions would have severe burning. They have problems with their magic later in life since burns retard the magical development.

The two were silent when a young man ran into the room. "I need you two now. There was a large fight and we need field medics."

Susan and Julia immediately ran behind the man. "How long has the fight been going?" Susan gripped her necklace remembering when she was a field doctor for the Raiders, a militant group that Harry and the Late Bill Weasley founded years ago.

"From what I got from an Auror, it lasted for almost two hours. Most of the staff is on holiday so there is only you two. The others are in surgery or are there already." Susan nodded and they reached the entrance where an Auror had a portkey ready. Susan calmed herself and felt the pull behind her navel.

Susan arrived at a great estate. Several buildings were toppled and there were Aurors running back and forth yelling at each other. "The Trolls are gone too!" Susan shuddered at the battle that must have happened here.

Susan stopped one of the Aurors. "Where are the injured?"

The Auror looked at her. Susan almost smiled. She was wearing a simple blouse and slacks. The Auror did not comment about the lack

of uniform. "The badly injured were the attackers. Unfortunately they somehow had portkeys hidden on themselves and fled after we had captured them. There are a few guests of the household that were injured. Go talk to Auror Longbottom." He pointed her to the main court and ran off in the direction he started in.

Susan smiled at Julia who followed her. Susan felt relieved if Cho was here already. Her relief quickly left when she saw the Raiders were all there as guests except for her and Harry. Cho saw her walk up with another field medic behind her and almost swore aloud. Tonks who was next to her did.

"Hello Susan." Tonks said brightly.

"How is everyone? I was at St. Mungos when they called for field medics."

Everyone lowered their heads and three people raised their hands to be looked over. "Julia can you see to that man over there?" Julia ran to the dark red haired woman who had her wand in her hair. Susan looked at the others before looking at the Auror. "Cho?" Asked Susan quietly while bandaging Fred who had a few broken ribs from a Troll club.

"Yes Susan?" Severus had the gall to snicker and Cho glared at him. He continued to smile when Susan spoke.

"I understand that you need to run the Raiders. And you have done a very good job since I retired, and Harry is unable to continue."

Cho nodded. Susan stood up and walked up to face Cho. Cho looked nervous when Susan said in an icy tone. "But why are you and the Raiders still here?"

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Harry punched the first wizard he reached and shattered through the physical charms the enemy wizard had created to protect himself. Harry heard three spells cast fly in his direction and threw the stunned wizard he hit into their path. Harry saw his daughter cast

spell after spell. Each was so charged with her condition that the receiver was not able to stand after a single spell.

Harry himself dodged several hexes and knew he had miscalculated when he was clear of all wizards. Several killing curses flew in his direction. Harry opened himself to the spells and dodged to the side. His right hand passed by one of the curses and began to absorb some of the magic off of them. Harry stood up and panted. It took as much effort to absorb magic as it did to cast it. Nine wizards charged him. Harry pulled both hands behind him and threw his palms around his body and at the charging wizards direction. Four chains appeared and grabbed onto four different wand arms and dragged them backwards.

Harry swore when the chains did not lock themselves to the ground like he wanted them to. There was a scream and Harry's heart raced when he saw Alice disarmed. When Harry tried to cast another spell, he felt the edge where the seal cleaved his magic away from him. Harry felt nauseous as he forced magic that was not there into one more spell. Alice's wand flew back into her hand and Harry stumbled from the simple banishing charm.

Harry looked around the alley and picked up a glass bottle and threw it at the wand hand of Alice's attacker. Harry charged and dodged several hexes while grasping two men by their throat and slammed them into the ground. The remaining wizards charged again and slowed when they saw Harry.

Harry's green eyes paled and his skin began to develop black markings. Several wizards swore before delivering hexes at the man. Harry saw the runes across his hand where the glove didn't cover them. He knew that his body could no longer hold his appearance. The closely guarded secret of his seal markings were visible to the world. Harry managed to get next to Alice who had still fired curse after curse but was showing signs of getting tired.

"Don't just dodge, you can absorb magic. Feel which ones you can absorb and which ones you can't." Alice nodded and slowed her dodging to catch her breath and slowly absorbed passing spells. She was able to regain some magic she had burned. She used condition

with her spells to begin to hit wizards with disarming curses that would make them lose consciousness.

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Susan glared at Cho and a snickering Severus who coughed. "I do not need to remind you that there is a reason why the Raiders do not exist, correct?"

Cho nodded. Susan had not talked to her like this in years. Ironically, Cho had always been a second leader to Harry but it was always Susan who had a passion for the Raiders and what they did. "We are supposed to leave when the conflict is over, I know, but this couldn't be helped."

Susan nodded before taking a calming breath. "I apologize. But this was reckless. I'll stop the conversation here. You know what is at stake." Cho nodded. She knew the identity of the Raiders, their existence to the public and their contacts may all be exposed if one person doubted what Klamir Vanguard had said in their reason for being here.

"It's good to see you Susan." Susan smiled and gave the girl a hug.

"It's good to see you too. And great to see you are all alright."

Fred laughed, "This one almost wasn't." He pointed to Ron who turned red.

"Just don't tell Hermione." The group laughed at his plea.

An Auror ran up to the group and tapped Susan's shoulder. "Mrs. Potter?"

"Yes?" the group got up and began to head inside now that the Aurors were almost done with their reports.

"Could you tell us where your husband might be?" Susan thought for a second.

“Diagon Alley, or somewhere in London. Why?” The Auror looked uneasy when he said. “There a possibility that he is in danger.”

Susan paled and Cho ran up to the Auror. “Tell me everything.” Cho turned to a passing Auror. “Dent! Take Anderson with you and hunt down Harry Potter. I understand you two have a skill that can find him. Start in Diagon Alley. Take ten more Aurors with you. There is a chance he might suffer an attack similar to this one.” The two Aurors bowed and Dent barked orders to several others to meet them in Diagon Alley before apparating.

“Now tell me and Mrs. Potter what has happened.”

“I am not too sure how to say this, but a boy told me.”

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“Maybe we should have told them it doesn’t really work with Harry.” Pam smiled at Bruce.

“At least we are trying. Its hard to find a man when he hides his aura habitually.”

Pam nodded. The past few times when she did see her old professor he had virtually no aura at all. She knew that he had gone through the sealing ritual but it was simply to block out the curse. He was weakened, but he is still Harry Potter. The most powerful wizard in the world can’t be put down long. And he was training the Aurors for the past few years. She was excited that she was going to be under his tutelage again this next December.

“Auror Dent.” Bruce looked to his fellow Aurors.

“Yes?”

“We have all arrived.”

Bruce nodded. Pam looked at the Aurors with unseeing eyes. “Bruce, there seems to be a high concentration of magic towards the trail

Harry left.” Pam looked at the faint magic that she recognized as her professor. The aura next to his was Alice. “Alice is with him.”

Bruce smiled. “That is an aura we can find.” Bruce concentrated on Alice’s Aura. “They are on foot, let’s go.” the twelve wizards began to ran out of Diagon Alley and stopped at the Leaky Cauldron to transfigure their robes before running outside and following the trail. Pam was grateful she was the one disguising the group. Most of the Aurors were pure bloods and never could understand muggle wardrobe.

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Harry Potter had not been in a fight since his sealing. He constantly felt the tug when he tried to cast a spell but could not. It burned through the tattoos that laid over his skin. Harry understood after a moment of mindless fighting. The seal was enforcing itself. Harry swallowed while pushing Alice away from a curse and throwing floo powder that was in his pocket into a wizards eyes.

Another wizard cast a fire spell at Harry’s gloved hand. He screamed when he felt the seared remains of the glove and his burnt fingers. He looked at his left hand. The spell focusing glove on his left never did work well.

“You have to understand Susan, this seal isn’t just a few tattoos.”

Harry did not know why the conversation was coming into his mind now but did not think about it. He was still unable to use his right hand now and with it any magic he could recover. Harry punched a man near him in frustration.

“Every single rune is a part of me.” Harry raised his rune covered hand to touch her hand. “Every single rune is an individual seal. The magic isn’t buried deep in me. It is locked in each of these runes.”

Harry felt several stunning curses hit his back. He stumbled and barely felt like he could move much less keep standing as he was now. He saw Alice have the same trouble. The Wizards began to focus their spells at disorientating her.

Susan sniffed but squeezed his hand. "So why do you feel that you need to lock away a part of your heart as well?"

Several wizards swore. They cast binding chains around Harry. He struggled against the chains and felt nothing in his magic's eye that could help him. Harry heard her daughter grunt.

"Susan, when I sealed myself off, I did lock away part of my heart. Those summons were core part of who I am." Susan leaned against him and nodded against his chest.

One of the wizards stepped forward and sighed. The girl was captured as well. The leading wizard looked at the girl. "Oh, this is the daughter. Interesting." Alice looked at the man and glared at him. "I suppose we were told to not have any witnesses."

Harry looked in horror when the man trained his wand at his daughters forehead.

"I think I understand Harry but you need to learn to let things go. It is hard, but there is nothing you can do about the seals now. Just accept that whatever happens is beyond your control." Susan hugged her husband and kissed him.

Harry saw Alice look at him happily then back to the man. Harry felt his wife's loving smile and thought to himself 'NEVER!'. Harry saw the faint glow on the man's wand and recognized the killing curse.

In Harry's mind, he saw the plain of magic and the barren field beyond it where he knew there should have been more. 'This is my body and my mind! I demand more power!'

No one saw the single rune on Harry's forehead disappear. Harry himself never felt the rune 'prison' shatter across his forehead into tattooed shards.

Harry's eyes turned silver. He felt a presence in his mind and smiled. "ARGENT!" A silver wolf appeared next to him and sped across the

alley. The wolf passed by the man who was about to kill Harry's daughter and cleanly bit off the mans' wand arm.

The man screamed.

Argent dropped the arm from his mouth. He raised his head and several strand of his fur flew from his body. Each one turned to a small wolf and tackled the wizards. The wizards screamed from the bites and apparated. Argent looked around and was satisfied that everyone was gone. He bounded to Alice and bit her chains until they broke free then ran to his summoner. "It's good to see you again Harry." Argent nudged the man who smiled and ran his hand through the wolfs fur. He then moved to his daughter and hugged her tight.

"It's good to see you too Argent." Harry said aloud. He pulled his silver wolf to him and hugged him as well.

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Mathew walked back to Cyan's cell to talk to her about what she was doing for the Minister when he felt dizzy. He moved his hand to the wall and leaned against it. Several flashes of wizards attacking a man and woman passed through his mind. "What is this..." Mathew knew it was not a vision. They were whole scenes or lyrics that he was forced to say aloud.

Several more images of the two fighting appeared in his mind. Mathew knew a second later who they were. A silver wolf appeared next to the father and daughter. Harry and Alice.

Harry was hugging Alice in the next picture. The following picture scared the seer. Harry's face looked happily at Argent and Alice, but a second black head was looking directly at Mathew.

The boy screamed and fell to the ground. He was too confused to see several Aurors run to him and ask what was wrong. The next image was of Alice and Harry walking with Argent. Mathew focused on Alice and remembered an old prophecy he had made.

Dawn starts the day of trails

Sunset ends the days of finals

The lost soul burns the heart and peaks

Joy is the freedom that desire seeks

Firebird, knife and hand fall to the will of the bane

Dawn and sunset choose to spare or destroy the slain

Mathew stood with the aid of the Aurors and began walking. He did not hear the Aurors speak. He just saw the images in his head.

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Harry walked with Alice out of the alley to see if anyone was around and smiled in relief when there were only a few muggles passing by. Alice felt tired but relieved that the fight was over. She looked at the alley they had just fought in and laughed. "You think we need to get a few Aurors here to correct this?"

Harry laughed placing an arm around his daughters shoulder. Neither of them saw a rune on Harry's hand disappear. "I hope they show up. I am too tired to do anything now." Argent growled as if he was a normal dog next to them. Both Alice and Harry got the comment well enough and laughed.

Another rune faded against Harry's neck and several more faded from his back.

Alice looked at her father. "We need to have Tonks and Severus look at that seal now." She eyed the shattered rune on Harry's forehead.

"I know. We should do it tonight, I am just too tired to think right now. Want to drive?" Alice stuck her tongue out but took the keys when they were offered.

Several more runes faded from Harry's body. Argent wobbled on his paws. "Harry!"

Harry looked at Argent surprised that he would say anything in public. He stopped when he saw Argent's coat turn black. Harry looked at his runes and realized many of them were gone. "No..." Harry turned to his daughter. "You can't be here." he cast a magical sphere around her and it flew far away from him.

"Dad!" Alice screamed out loud. She saw a rune on her father's face fade and began to cry while being flown through the air. The sphere landed near their town. It did not matter where she was.

The seal was breaking.

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Mathew lay on his bed. The Aurors had said something about delirium. Mathew ignored them and only looked at Harry through his mind. The images stopped but now he could see his mentor. Several muggles had walked over to see what was wrong with him and his dog who began to change from white to black.

"Get away!" Mathew shuddered at the voice. Harry was desperate.

Several people said they would call an ambulance. Harry shook his head. "Run! Please!"

Argent turned completely black and looked at the crowd with cobalt eyes. He growled at them and a few of the muggles backed off. Harry gripped his head and several more runes disappeared from Harry's arms.

The air around Harry thickened and several muggles began to back away in fear.

The only rune left on Harry's body was the shattered rune on his forehead. The rune turned pale white. Harry's eyes turned from silver to black. He looked at his hands. One was burned. He closed it then opened it. It was healed.

Harry looked to the now scared crowd. The wizard said to himself quietly in surprise. "I am free." Harry looked to his surroundings. He was in a parking lot. Several tall buildings led to different alleys and the single main street ran behind him.

Harry looked with hooded eyes at the muggles around him. He laughed quietly. "I am free." He looked at himself and scowled aloud. "And weak." Harry looked to the muggles still staring at him. "You will do for now." The half dozen muggles still watching collapsed to the ground and Harry took a deep breath. "That hardly did a thing. Muggles really do not have any real trace of magic in them. I need more. Then I can be truly free." Harry smiled wistfully. He then turned his head to the sky and shouted. "STOP WATCHING!"

Mathew screamed as the vision broke and he felt blinded for a moment before he began to see again with his own eyes. Several Aurors as well as a doctor were there asking what was wrong. Mathew just sat there stunned and scared. "It's starting."

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Susan finally returned to St. Mungos after helping the Aurors to help find her husband. She was worried sick and felt trapped with not being able to help find him. Cho was forced to go with the Aurors and the other Raiders were already tired from their fight that afternoon. It was late evening and Susan sat at the conference table again with Julia. She stared at her necklace which was part of a three piece circle that had the text 'our family' written on it. Susan held the piece of metal and looked at Julia. "We are not going to get anything done today are we?" Julia smiled.

"Go home. I am sure Harry will be there when you get back."

Susan smiled and nodded. "Thanks, I think I will do that. Hopefully they did go out and are having a lovely time at a movie." She hugged her friend then left by floo. The necklace was still in her hand and she looked at the metal at the end of the chain. It had always provided her comfort when she had to be away from Harry or Alice.

"I am probably being silly."

The squad of Aurors ran through an alley that was pock marked with spells. Pam and Bruce waved for the group to slow. The two saw magic pour out through a unknown source from around the corner. "Return to normal sight."

Pam followed orders and the group approached around the corner. They saw Harry Potter standing alone in the parking lot. He turned to them. In the back of his mind he remembered a fight where he needed help ten minutes ago. "Late help is better than no help."

"Harry, good to see you are alright. Where is Alice?" Pam looked and saw the downed muggles. They fanned out from Harry. She looked to Bruce and he noticed too. Several Aurors began to try and exchange pleasantries with Harry.

"She is not here. But you are. I could use some help."

"With what?" Said an Auror who had worked with Harry Potter this past season in training.

"Well you see." Harry scratched his cheek. "I am a little weak from the fight." Several Aurors fell to the ground. Bruce and Pam took several paces back and trained their wand to the man. They both said 'sight' and swore at their own incompetence. Harry's aura was the color of his curse years ago. It must have broken free. They looked to see that their magic was being drawn away from them and at their old teacher.

"How long has it broken Harry!" Pam concentrated her magic and the leaking stopped.

Harry smiled. "Not long. I am very weak now, you might have a chance to capture me."

Pam heard Bruce say, "Integrate" she followed his lead.

"Aurors on my mark we bind and secure him. Is that understood?"

The remaining Aurors were confused. When Bruce did not get the answer he wanted he barked out. "IS THAT UNDERSTOOD!"

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A/N: I am taking flying by the seat of my pants to a whole new level. Finished most of this chapter in one sitting at 1 a.m. this morning.

Destany Mitchell: Great to see you back for this story. My beta is going crazy. Hope you are enjoying the story as much as she is.

Sunset had just ended with the red haze of dusk slowly turning blue. The young woman took in several breaths to calm herself. Her tattered robes felt like they clung to her and she felt dirty and sweaty. She ignored the feeling as her own comfort was the farthest thing from her mind.

Alice sat on the ground in the park where her father had sent her not sure what she could do. No one passed by at this time of day. Most children would be hurrying home for dinner. The park was bare of anyone. It made Alice more lonely than she has felt in a long time. She cried for moments then breathed to calm herself down to think again only to cry again and repeat the cycle. She felt truly lost. No matter what she did, she knew it was too late to stop the seal from breaking. It fell apart as she was thrown through the air for fifteen agonizing minutes.

Alice had for a long time wondered if her father's seal would ever need to be replaced. She thought back to the fight she was just in. It rattled her to think of that and the few near misses of death that her father had saved her from. Her body shivered with the thought of her dad out there alone and fighting himself. He was as alone as she was.

Alice felt her body protest standing up. It wanted to rest there on the soft grass. She ignored the needs of her body to stand and begin to walk home. If she could not help her dad right now, she would most certainly find someone who could.

Chapter 4 Freedom of the Bane

Harry Potter stood and watched the Aurors who circled him. He smiled before stretching his neck and shoulders. Pulling back his sleeves to free his arms, the wizard looked to the group expectantly.

Bruce snarled out, "Now!" A dozen wizards took aim at the man they had called teacher and fired stunners. Harry opened his palms to the spells. The spells poured into his hands with a hiss. The two hands radiated heat for a moment before the energy disappeared.

Harry looked at them slightly disappointed. He chuckled, "That was pathetic. I think I could have an easier time taking it myself." Harry's

casual voice hardened and three Aurors fell to the floor gasping. Pam ran up to the men who were gasping on the ground and concentrated her aura. It engorged around her arm into a long flame that sliced the connection Harry had made as if it was a rope.

Pam looked at her professor and shuddered. "Everyone withdraw." She raised her wand and a dome encircled herself, Bruce and their former teacher. The others were pushed out of the cage she had created. "We are going to need some room." The Aurors who were not in such shock wanted to give her a look to remind her of her place but thought it was wise to take her advice. Pam stared at the enemy that was in front of her and her silver eyes began to radiate light. The Aurors regrouped and nodded to Bruce before apparating.

Bruce saw them leave and looked back to Harry Potter. "You would let them go?"

"Please. They are weak compared to you two. And there are others I know who I can take." Harry raised his palm towards Pam and slowly gripped the air. Pam choked and she felt herself get tired. Bruce ran up to Pam. She gripped the magic line like a tangible rope around her throat and pulled against it. Bruce looked back to Harry and said coldly, "You were not our only teacher." Bruce grabbed a hold of the magical connection and forced more magic into the line than it could handle. It traveled back to Harry who broke the connection with a smile and he flexed his hand.

"That stung." He was clearly amused. Bruce looked to the woman whom he had called his girlfriend and she smiled back reassured. Bruce looked back Harry unsure how to continue. Harry himself was completely amused and moved his hands in the air as if they were hot. "If I had more time I would like to see what else you could do, but if those fools have told someone of this confrontation, then I must be on my way." Harry waved his hand lazily and the two Aurors were slammed into the ground leaving little room to cough and breathe back the air that was expelled from their lungs. Harry stood between them and knelt next to the pair. He placed a hand over both of their heads and they immediately began to fight against the exhaustion that over came them. Harry smiled at the two before his smile faded.

Harry jerked up and flung his head away from the two Aurors. "No! It's my turn! You are just a weak fool."

A ghost like apparition appeared between the two Aurors and Harry. The tainted Harry glared at the ethereal image of himself. "Fight it! We are stronger than this." The image pleaded.

"No we are not!" The physical Harry sneered and performed the same slicing magic that Pam did moments before. The ghost disappeared but Harry was still visibly struggling with something. The two Aurors wasted no time. Bruce used his integration to weave binds made of diamond around Harry while Pamela ensnared him in a sphere that she had never seen anyone escape from.

The two panted from the exertion and looked at Harry Potter who struggled with himself and his bonds. He slacked for a moment when a pair of familiar eyes looked at the two. "This is the reason why I taught you. Finish it now before I can break free."

Pam and Bruce looked at him stunned. Bruce recovered quickly. He raised his wand. "Bruce what are you doing?"

"You heard the man, we fire the piercing curse on three."

"But." "ONE!" "Why?" "TWO!" Pam reluctantly raised her hand to the smiling professor. She almost sobbed when Bruce shouted. "THREE!"

"Pertusus!"

Two orange hexes flew towards Harry. Pam was crying when she saw her curse fly through her sphere. She remembered performing the curse before in the targeting arena. It created a hole the size of her fist through her targets. With the conditions she and Bruce had over themselves, she did not want to look. Harry looked back in a relieved smile.

Harry's smiling eyes kept her from looking away. They were the same eyes she fell for when she was a student at Hogwarts. She saw him focus towards the spells and she held her breath.

Those eyes suddenly narrowed and turned a pale green. The two Curses slowed when they reached their target. Pam felt the amount of magic that flooded the area. It was enough to slow the two curses to a crawl. "This is far from over class." He said in a mocking tone. He flinched and turned away from them. Harry's head jerked before he looked at the two Aurors and snapped his bonds. A deep voice came from Harry. "Overflow."

The ground began to glow silver before Bruce recognized a silver beak rising from the ground below their enemy. Bruce grabbed Pam and pulled her against the building wall. A twelve meter avian head raised Harry into the air. Pam saw two silver wings that passed through buildings on either side of them. They had seen Alice enlarge her summon but this was on a magnitude Pam had never thought of before. Harry's eagle summon looked at the two. He screeched before his body turned completely black. The black eagle Phor snapped his wings and took to the air. It was only moments before enormous bird was out of sight. Pam stood there silently. Bruce saw her crying to herself and placed an arm around her. She moved to push him away but he would not let go.

"You understand why we did that right Pam? He wanted us to stop him." Pam nodded and cried into his chest. Bruce's voice echoed in her head and then Harry's voice did the same. Several minutes passed in that fashion until numerous pops of apparation appeared around them. An entire contingent of fifty Aurors stood and surveyed the damage.

"What went on here? What of the battle?" A burly Auror demanded the two lower ranking Officers.

Bruce stepped in front of Pam and said in a voice of authority. "Unfortunately this is a class S investigation now. I need to speak to Auror Tonks, Head Auror Bones, and Minister Granger." He pushed Pamela back slightly and she stood at attention. Two of Bruce's friends nodded and apparated to gather the named people at the Minister's office.

"What of this of an S investigation?" sneered the higher ranking Auror.

Bruce looked at the man. This particular Auror had never like Bruce or Pam as they had trained with Harry Potter. He was convinced they felt superior to their officers. Bruce groaned to himself that he was about to justify the old coot. "I am sorry, but you do not have the authorization for this information." Bruce looked to the group that came with him. "My team form up on me. We need to report directly to the Minister." The Auror nodded understandingly. That got a surprise out of Bruce but he apparated with Pam and the other Aurors.

Bruce and his group arrived at the Ministry. They ran through the doors ignoring the security and headed strait for the Ministers office. He told the Aurors to halt and they followed obediently. "We will be back in a moment make sure no one comes in." The Aurors nodded and the group took posts outside the door. Pam took Bruce's hand when they entered the assistant's office. No one was there.

Bruce moved his hand to knock on the door to the Ministers office and Pam asked. "He wanted us to learn summons to stop him didn't he?" Pam was not sure how she felt being used in such a way. It was true she wanted to be an Auror but she never would have chosen the profession if it were not for Professor Potter's class.

"We all have reasons for what we do Pam. I can understand his own need for safety. After this let's call the other students. They need to know. And we all have a choice we need to make."

"I just hope Alice is alright. Can you imagine the wreck she is now?" Bruce kissed her and held her hand when he knocked on the door.

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Susan walked from the fire place and cleaned herself before looking around and finding no one home. She sighed in relief that Harry and Alice might have just gone out. Susan went into her room and gathered a few clothes to take a long bath.

Twenty minutes passed and she was just draining the water when she heard the down stairs door open and close. Susan quickly finished toweling herself off and dressed. She looked around the

house before she saw Alice sitting and looking at a picture of the three of them at the beach.

“Alice?” Susan sat next to her on the bed. She became afraid at the look on her daughters’ face. “Alice, what happened?”

After a few more moments Alice began to cry and told her of the attack and the breaking of Harry’s curse. And how he immediately banished her. Susan took in the story. She did not know what to think other than she needed to find her husband. He had fought the curse before. She knew he could do it again.

“It’s going to be ok Alice. We’ll get our Harry back.” She hugged her daughter for a long while. They did not let go until a knock came at the door. Susan suspected what it was about. She kissed Alice’s forehead. “Try to sleep a little Alice. I know you are tired.” Alice hugged the picture and nodded. Susan placed her hand on Alice’s forehead and Alice quickly fell asleep sitting up. Susan ignored the second knock while tucking in her daughter. “It will all be alright. I promise.” She kissed her daughters head again and left Alice’s room.

Down stairs Susan remembered the times she sat in with Harry and Albus’s tests with the curse and shivered at her upcoming task. Some of the threats the freed Harry said sounded very real. Susan looked beyond the door with sight and saw Neville. She exhaled and opened the door. “Hello.” She said half defeated.

Neville sighed, “You know already?”

“Alice was with him when it began to break. She is sleeping upstairs now.” Neville nodded and took out a small book.

“We need to meet in Hermione’s office. Us team leaders are gathering and the Order of the Phoenix is mobilizing as well. Hopefully we can find Harry before any of this news breaks to the world.” Susan moved to let Neville inside and they both took a hold of the portkey.

Where ever he was, he knew instantly that he did not like the damp. Air was cold when one was traveling through it and the man did not think to protect himself while fighting the war that waged inside the body's head.

Harry Potter knelt against a small dock that sat over a large pond that linked to a creek just beyond the bend. He did not hear the animals that fled the area in an act of self preservation. Nor did he understand the forces he could influence around him now that the body's magic was completely restored. He simply panted. The curse controlled his body now and it looked into the pond and Harry looked back from the reflection. Both were panting from the war they had waged against each other but the curse had proven too hard to break. "I won this round."

"You have won nothing!" Shouted the reflection in the pond. "I will break free and make sure you will never resurface."

The dark eyed Harry smiled. "You sound like me."

The true Harry regarded the thing he had thought a curse for so long. "You are me." The curse snarled and hit his hand against the water distorting the reflection. The evil that controlled Harry's body glared back at the water.

"It does not matter who I am. I am in control now."

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Susan appeared in a designated portkey room and Neville quickly took her elbow. She began walking with him and the two passed ministry staff walking as if it was a normal day. She looked to Neville after she looked at a couple inquiring each other what they wanted to do after leaving off of work. Neville shook his head and the two entered the Ministers personal quarters. Tonks, Hermione, Luna and Cho stood quietly around a table not yet taking a seat. Hermione motioned for Susan to not say a word. The minister nodded to Neville who closed the door and held a sphere that was attached on the inside portion of the door and brought it to the table. He placed it in a small indentation on the table and it began to glow.

"We can talk now." Hermione exhaled. "Sorry, but as of now, no one is to know of Harry's condition. This sphere is called a 'Silence Sphere' made by two unspeakables a few months ago. So I know no one can over hear us."

The people around the table took their seats. "What do you propose we do?" Cho took her husband's hand.

Hermione looked to Susan. "Do you know what the curse could force him to do?"

Susan looked at the sphere not willing to see the others look at her. When I get out of this circle I will see just how much magic is left of this castle! Susan closed her eyes from the memory of Harry's voice. She had insisted to be there to help him when Albus tested the curse and its influences. "Albus and Severus would be better candidates for speculation," Hermione nodded but did not interrupt. "When I first observed the curse during a testing with Albus, it was always able to overpower Harry for a few moments before he was able to regain control. The curse demanded to be free to eat as he called it." The group looked at her to elaborate. "Well you know he absorbs ambient magic around him, but for the curse it never seems to be enough. It's as if it needs to be fed magic constantly. Like it was making up for something..." Tonks stirred uncomfortably in her chair. She knew the reason for the Curse's need to feed but did not want to share it with anyone who did not help Harry with sealing his curse. The group did not notice her discomfort and continued their discussion.

"But his loss of control was from a spell that he was in control of. What would happen if the curse caught him completely off guard? Would he be able to fight it off completely?" Tonks asked quickly.

Cho interrupted them. "From what the few Aurors at the scene observed, Harry was fighting. If not completely successfully."

"It's a good sign then." Susan said with renewed hope. "If he can regain enough orientation, he would be able to make a partial seal and fight his way back into dominance."

Cho nodded remembering what the two aurors had said. "I am not so sure if he can gain complete control."

"Why is that?" Hermione diverted the conversation back to Cho. She sat through the conversation silently thinking of what could happen if things got out of hand. This new idea would provide much difficulty for the country at the moment.

Cho grunted. "He asked the two Aurors to kill him while he maintained some control."

Susan gasped and covered her hands over her mouth. It was disheartening news to the whole group. If Harry Potter was willing to die over this, then they need to assume that he has no real control over the situation.

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Harry stood over the pool and snapped his fingers. "I think I figured out what to do with you." The echo of his voice bounced off the pond.

Harry glared through the pool back at his body. "What is that?"

"Something that you thought of."

Harry's hand reached over his chest and gripped the magic force that was inside his body and began to physically pull it. Harry's body began to sweat from the exertion until it pulled out a silver light. The vileness looked at the silver light with unsuppressed glee. "I did it!" He closed his hands around the silver light until it turned dark. The silver light turned white, gray and finally black. Harry's body breathed raggedly. When the energy was able to fit inside the palm of his hand, the cursed essence forced the drawn out energy onto his skin. The broken rune for prison on Harry Potters' forehead glowed for a moment before it faded. Harry Potter's body looked at his chest and laughed. A black rune for cage laid across his chest. "You will never bother me again Harry Potter."

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Hermione looked around the table. "I want you all to concentrate on apprehending Harry. I am sorry I can not lend a hand, but there is someone who instigated these attacks. The attack on Harry was on the same day as the attack on Mathew Andrews."

"Oh goodness, is he alright?" Susan was surprised that the young man could be in any kind of mortal peril and wondered for a moment if it was the same for Molly Weasley when she fought with Harry over his own safety.

"He is fine and safe, but apparently he saw the whole breaking of the seal in a vision. Last time I check he was sleeping. I am going to leave him alone for now, but I will need to ask him to help find who is attacking those two."

Neville sat across from Hermione and spoke. "Has there been any other attacks?"

"No, and that's what concerns me. There has to be some kind of reasoning to attacking those two." Hermione had a few ideas but did not want to voice them to the group. 'One thing at a time is enough.'

Neville nodded at Hermione's answer. "I will look into who is leading these two attacks. And why now of all times? There was nothing in terms of provoking response. If this attack was planned ahead..."

"Do it Neville." Hermione looked to Luna, "How are the other Raiders?"

"Good, but the members of the Order of the Phoenix have been owling Albus, I talked to him quickly before I arrived. He is organizing his followers as well."

Susan listened and thought of the Order of the Phoenix. They were a group that had fought against Voldemort. The phoenix pin the Order used was a blazing bird that showed its breast. She had not seen a member of the Phoenix except for Tonks, Severus and Albus for years, although it could be argued that Tonks and Severus were no longer a part of that group.

“I’ll speak to him of his own impressions of where Harry might go under the influence of that curse.”

Susan looked up to Luna and was caught by the ring she wore. She looked around the room and everyone save Hermione who was never a part of the group wore their Raider ring. Susan looked at hers. It was just enough to help her not think hard on what Harry told those Aurors to do to him. She looked at the engraved fist and knife and she felt that it reminded her of something. In the back of her mind something said, Firebird, knife and hand fall to the will of the bane. She took in a quiet breath but remained silent.

“I think that is enough for now, inform each other when you made some progress. I will have a few foreign affairs that are being brought up with the attack openly made against the Vanguard family. Good luck all of you.”

The group all stood and Hermione took the sphere from the table where its glow faded. The group left one by one and each person gave Susan a hug and words of encouragement before leaving until it was just Susan and Hermione.

When the door closed Hermione placed the sphere back on its spot at the table. It began to glow faintly and Hermione asked. “What is it Susan? I know that look.”

Susan told Hermione of a prophecy Mathew had made years ago. “When I read it I decided to hold it for myself. You know Harry’s stance on destiny.” Hermione nodded. Harry plain out told them that he would never hear a word of any prophecy no matter how much it might have helped him. Hermione herself wondered what he had against something that would be helpful to their cause while at Hogwarts and knew she never received an answer.

“What was the prophecy Susan?”

“Dawn starts the day of trails

Sunset ends the days of finals

The lost soul burns the heart and peaks

Joy is the freedom that desire seeks

Firebird, knife and hand fall to the will of the bane

Dawn and sunset choose to spare or destroy the slain”

Susan choked on the last part. Hermione gave her a gentle hug before soothing her with hushing sounds. “It will be alright.”

Susan just cried. She had kept the prophecy to herself for several years and never once did she think how hard it would be to reveal it to someone. Susan had gone over the poem many times. Every time she knew that what ever happened she would choose if her Harry would live or die.

“I don't think it will Hermione.” Susan hugged her friend tighter still afraid to face the truth of the prophecy. “But it’s not just that, it says that the Order and the Raiders can’t do anything. How can I do this if everyone else will fail?” Hermione just held the distraught woman and thought to herself of the prophecy.

Harry would be hard to capture. She knew she could not have the Raiders or the Order of the Phoenix participate in Harry’s apprehension. It would have to be the Aurors.

Hermione silently cursed Mathew Andrews for making such a vague prophecy. Although it was unfair to him, Hermione knew the prophecy could be interpreted into a number of ways. One being that the Raiders would become slaves, another could be that someone would willingly join the man. A darker thought pass through her mind that Harry may kill who ever crosses his path. Hermione shivered at the thought and held her friend while she cried out her stress.

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Albus Dumbledore stood quietly at his country cottage. As one of the oldest wizards he could easily afford something grandiose, but he

never had a flair for the dramatic impression. The cottage was enough for him. He looked out the four paned window and over to the pond that lay there.

He had spoken quietly with Luna Lovegood about Harry and what was likely the breaking of his seal last night. Albus stood at his window. He felt the intruder pass the wards he had placed upon his cottage many years ago. Albus closed his eyes not wanting to see who it was walking into his house. The man had just walked under the second story window where he was looking. Albus wanted desperately to not hear the foot falls against the wooden floor as this person walked up the stairs to the second floor. Albus withdrew his wand and turned to the door as the handle turned. He remembered how he had prayed that he would never have to fight against this young man who had done so much for the world.

Harry Potter walked into the room. He looked around and saw the still life portraits of animals people and landscapes. Harry smiled. "I like it, small, simple."

"Harry, please show some sign that you can still fight it." Albus raised his wand. Harry just continued to smile.

"Too late old man." Harry raised a part of his tunic with his thumb to show a tattoo on his chest. Albus understood that this curse had sealed off Harry and sucked in a breath of air in surprise. Harry took advantage of his hesitation. Harry raised his left hand and began to pool the old man's magic into it. Albus Dumbledore fell to his knees. The century old man looked back at his enemy and raised his wand. Several portraits on the walls of the room burst to life. Knights in fighting poses fell from the portraits and charged after Harry. Likewise many animals magical and normal burst from their portraits and charged Harry.

Harry let go of the old man's magic that had been feeding him and dodged two swords that would have sliced him if he had not moved. Several beasts from large cats to wolves dove at him and bit his shoulders and arms taking him to the ground.

Albus stood up and was able to recover enough to raise his wand again at Harry who was struggling on the floor. Harry grunted at the bites and claws that moved over his skin and he felt the five swords of armed knights pointing the tips of their metal at his neck and spine. Albus saw Harry look at his situation. It was a moment where Harry snorted and then began to laugh.

Albus wondered if the curse was truly a reincarnation of Voldemort, or an entity of its own. Harry continued to laugh and looked at the old man. "I have come here to devour your magic Dumbledore!" The knights and animals began to fade. The knights raised their swords to kill him. They disappeared before their arc was completed.

Harry stood and healed the wounds on his body without a single gesture. "The magic I have has matured since I was a student Albus." Albus Dumbledore heard the words and realized that his assumptions may be wrong. What if it was not a reincarnation of Voldemort or the curse acting on its own will. What if it was... "Things like this are child's play." Harry gestured to his blood stained arm. No more wounds marked it. Only the stains remained. Harry pointed that arm to Albus and the old man fell to his knees again. Harry stood over him no longer laughing. He was just watching the old man before him lay on the ground. When he let go of the old man's magic it was significantly weaker, but it would regenerate. Harry smiled to himself. "No point in drying up the only good source of magic here."

Harry looked out the window and the wall exploded outward. "Overflow" Phor's gigantic black head appeared next to the window. "Let's go, this place has lost its entertainment value." Phor screeched and it flew into the sky and disappeared.

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Alice woke up the morning after the attack and felt a calmness she could not find the day before. She stood up and walked to the stairs and she could hear her mother sleeping on the couch in the living room. Alice smiled at her mother then took some floo and walked to her parents' fire place. Harry and Susan's room was covered with pictures of the three of them. She smiled at another picture like the one she held last night of the three of them at the beach. In the

picture each of them held out their necklace and pieced together 'Our Family'. All three of them in the picture smiled at each other and she could see her father mouth out 'I love you both' before giving them each a kiss. Alice ignored the tear that fell from her eyes.

"I won't lose my family." Alice threw floo powder into the fire place. "The Yellow residence!" A fire flared to life. Alice walked into the fire swearing to herself that she would find a way to get her father back no matter what.

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A/N Another chapter is up and i am working on the next see you all next time.

Review Response

Destany Mitchell: Thank you for the second review. I had a few bumpy points while writing this chapter but it pulled together at the end.

“Arthur!” Molly saw her husband hit the ground rolling and sliding across the gravel at high speeds. She raised her wand to slow him down and saw her husband hit a tree. Too late. Harry appeared next to her and gripped the woman's wand-hand. She gasped at the strength behind the hand and looked up to the young man whom she considered a son. He squeezed her forearm and she screamed loudly until she dropped her wand. Harry looked at her coldly before banishing her to her husband and the few Aurors who happened to have appeared during the fighting. The Aurors were on their knees and their wands at their sides.

“This looks like enough people for now.” Harry commented to the group. Kingsley Shacklebot gave an unspoken order and several of his Aurors launched their attack. A silver snake emerged from Harry's body and looked at the summoner. Harry looked back and Arvalis's silver body turned black with silver markings. The Aurors' spells that flew towards Harry suddenly bent around him. The young wizard looked at the attackers with a subtle nod for their attempt. “It was a worthy effort.” Arvalis hissed at the Aurors before becoming hundreds of snakes. The snakes were a dozen different sizes that slithered quickly towards their enemy. Few took to wrapping around limbs while others wrapped whole people in their coils.

“Harry!” Harry Potter looked at the group whom he had bound. Several witches and wizards from the Order of the Phoenix had joined moments after the Aurors had appeared to try and reason with their young one-time student. He recognized his caller and walked towards the bound woman. The snakes parted for him and four of the larger snakes slid up his body before becoming one black snake with violet eyes. The snake perched itself over Harry's shoulder and looked at the woman with unseeing eyes.

“If it isn't the Headmistress McGonagall herself.” Harry's mouth barely moved. His voice was a breath of a whisper.

“Harry, please tell us why you are doing this?” The stern woman Harry Potter had known for years was not present in this woman. This woman was scared and clearly confused.

Harry was surprised by the question. He looked to the others and they shared the headmistress's distress and Harry understood. Albus had been true to his word. Only a few people still knew to this day of the curse and the freedom he had gained with it. Harry looked at the woman and began to laugh. The captors simply stared at him. It unnerved them and several felt all hope leave them. To the group he had truly gone insane. He turned back to the woman with shining eyes. "It is already too late to ask the old man, Albus. You are all mine now."

Minerva looked to the others who had already begun to disappear quickly in brilliant flashes of light. She looked up to the student she had seen over for seven long years. "Where are you taking us?" Her voice was strong but Harry could see deep into her eyes and see her soul was frightened.

"Where you will be the most use..." Minerva held a sob before she disappeared. "To me."

Chapter 5 Anguished Thoughts

Alice walked through the fireplace and found herself standing on a hard wood floor in the dinning room of the Yellow's residence. "Owen!" Alice cast a cleaning spell to remove the soot from her dark knee length skirt and blue blouse. She looked around the dining room. No one seemed to have heard her. She then walked out of the dining room and through the house calling her best friend. She was not surprised to not find Owen's parents as they worked normal muggle hours. Owen was a morning person and would not be in bed. She walked by his bedroom on the ground floor but the door was open and he showed no sign of just waking. She walked out to the back yard and saw him with several other, obviously dressed, witches and wizards. Owen and Angela turned and ran to her as Alice asked, "What is everyone doing here?"

"We need to talk to you." Owen grabbed her arm, and shouted over his shoulder, "Bruce, get Pam we need figure this out." Alice squeaked in protest before she pulled away from Owens' familiar hand and walked next to him to the living room.

“What happened?”

“Have you seen Harry this morning?” Owen asked carefully.

Alice glared at them suddenly angry at her friend for trying to baby her. “I know what happened, I was there!” She snapped. Alice ran a hand through her hair and breathed to calm down. “I came here to find you.” Owen was relieved now that the hard part of the conversation was over.

“Sorry for being um... abrupt with pulling you out of there. All of our class is here.” Alice nodded. She recognized the class Harry had taught four years ago. Alice would have been delighted under different circumstances to see them all again. It had been years since she had seen many of them.

“It’s alright. Sorry for snapping at you too, last night was rough.” Owen placed a friendly arm around her and she leaned against his shoulder. Pam, Bruce and Angela walked in and sat across from the two. “It’s good to see you are safe Alice.” Alice looked up to the only people in Auror robes. Bruce spoke next. “We were the first ones to see Harry after you. I think we just arrived after you were banished.” Alice pulled away from Owen again who gave a weak smile. He kept on hand on hers for comfort. Alice squeezed his hand.

“So the seal was broken then?”

“I suppose, although I never knew what that meant until now. Is Harry evil?”

Alice shook her head. “From what we understand, Voldemort’s final curse was the embodiment of his anger thrust into dad. But I never saw him with the curse loose before.” Pam and Bruce looked at each other. “What is it that you are not telling me.”

“I am glad we can tell you first, we were going to tell the others when you walked outside.” Pam swallowed and continued. “When we were fighting Harry, he stopped and for a second. I thought he was able to fight the curse...” Pam felt Bruce’s arms around her. Bruce stayed silent and only watched Alice’s reaction to a few hard facts she

needed to learn about their situation. Alice listened quietly. The room suddenly felt too quiet. Pam sighed and said, "He wanted us to kill him Alice. Bruce thinks that is why we were taught summoning. In case something like this happened."

Alice felt her heart stop. She sat there stunned and the group all moved to be next to her. Each of them knew what it meant to her to be a part of a family and to have Harry as her father. She sat there silently and shook a little before she uttered out. "It can't be." Angela sat next to Alice and gave her a hug that the whole group joined.

Bruce stood a few feet back after giving Alice a hug. He had not said a word. Alice looked at him and he said to her. "Alice, you should know that I respected Harry's wish." The others released Alice and Pam looked sadly between Bruce and Alice.

Alice looked at Bruce. She understood his need to follow rules. He had been adamant about them for as long as she had known him. But she also understood that he was not malicious. Alice could feel the tension in Pam's stance and placed a hand on the older woman's shoulder. "You both did. I can understand that." Alice slowly recovered after a few moments. "It's still a lot to take in." She told her self quietly. Alice closed her eyes and when she opened them again, the hesitation and fear she felt was gone. Only a conviction to find her father, and get him back to the man he was, lay behind. "Do you still think we have to kill him, Bruce?"

Her own voice did not hold any emotion. Even the way she said it sounded as if she had not felt the impact of those words. Bruce looked at her and shook his head. "I do not think it is the only way. And I won't say anything about Harry's death wish to the others. I tried to find as many classmates as I could find. They need to know what Harry's intention was. And I think we will all need to make a choice to help or to walk away. I can't ask everyone to help and I don't think Harry himself believed we would all answer to this kind of call. But..." Bruce looked outside to the group of young adults who were happily talking and catching up with each other. Each one was unaware of the peril they would face with a single choice. "I told each of them that Harry really did have a reason as to why we are summoners. And if you follow me to find out, it will change your life."

Bruce turned back to Alice. "Not a single one hesitated. They all dropped what they were doing and came." Bruce looked at the group outside still silently moved by the trust and faith Harry had instilled in them all.

Alice nodded and smiled to herself. Her father was that kind of man. He could turn the most distrustful criminal into the most loyal informant in moments of talking to them. The Harry Alice knew was the man who cared about everyone. A complete indiscriminate compassion.

Alice led the way to the group outside the house. Alice nudged Bruce forward. "You are the one who got them here, you talk."

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The Minister of Magic blinked her eyes again. She had stayed up most of the night following traces the Aurors found to the attacks on Harry Potter, the Vanguard family and on Mathew Andrews. Although the Aurors found information faster than any investigation that the Aurors had reported, the Minister demanded they work harder and faster. She pushed herself as hard. The few grumbling Aurors who would arrive to report their findings would see an exhausted woman pushing herself just as hard going over their findings alone in her office.

Hermione set down the parchment that had the tracking of several people through Diagon Alley two days ago, and rubbed her strained eyes. The woman needed a break from the history that was slowly being shown to her through second hand accounts of several wizards and began to write a letter.

The letter was to the only person the Minister would trust with such information she had been collecting. Hermione knew she needed to work fast. The head of Department of Magical Law Enforcement, Jaclyn Ferriesworth, never did like losing control of her department. Hermione knew she would have another five hours before Jaclyn finds that the whole usurpation of her authority traces back to Hermione.

Hermione was not looking forward to the confrontation. Jaclyn was always fair, but refused to allow others impede on her authority. Hermione heard the thud come from the corner of the room and looked up to see Tonks come in through the floo. Tonks was panting hard and Hermione set down the letter she was composing. "What is it?"

"Dumbledore!" Hermione stood and Tonks grabbed another handful of floo powder. Tonks threw the floo into the fire. "Hogwarts!" Hermione ran into the fire first. When the flames died Tonks threw powder for herself.

Tonks walked out of the fire place to the infirmary at Hogwarts. Madam Pomfrey moved back and forth over the unconscious form of Albus Dumbledore. "What happened?" Asked Hermione who joined in helping the retired healer.

"I went to Dumbledore Cottage and found the doors wide open and Albus unconscious on the second floor. I brought him here since I don't know who had attacked him. Never mind how anyone could have bested him." Hermione nodded to Tonks who ran back to the fire and floo'ed away.

"I'll be here to help with him, have you spoken to Susan yet?"

"No. For some reason I was not able to get her." Hermione felt the pit of her stomach clench.

"I'll help until he is stable then I must find out what happened to Susan." Poppy nodded and continued to mix potions in front of her unconscious patient.

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Several flashes of Harry Potter at a lake and later at a town had forced the boy to remain in bed until he was strong enough to move on his own. After every fit, he had become increasingly weak and would shake violently. The healers said it was simply the magic of a diviner going through his magic. There was little they could do to ease him. The boy stirred in his sleep for some time and did not know

the battle between the prisoner and her warden over her visitation rights.

“If I am to help the young man I should be able to see him.” Cyan said persistently.

“I don’t care. You are a prisoner and I am your warden. We have been lax about your incarceration. I should think you would be grateful for the freedom we have allotted you and the time we have entertained your behavior despite the fact that you are a criminal and technically do not have any rights.” The warden said coldly.

“Archensen, I am grateful. That doesn’t deter my need to speak with the boy. He had chosen me for a teacher.” The man harrumphed. “I know I am asking a lot, but the nature of his abilities need guidance. We both know that he is flashing through memories, predictions and possible futures.” The old man looked at the slender woman with a lowered guard. “He needs an anchor. I think I can do that.”

“With no magic?” He asked skeptically.

“Yes, with no magic, Granza. I am a squib now regardless of my past. This is my punishment. This prison I live in... It is at the leisure of the government. I make no delusions of my situation. I am merely asking to aid the boy.”

Granza sighed defeat. In truth, Minister Granger allowed the request the day before. He trusted his Minister, but old habits forced him to remain intolerant of this development. Granza knew that Cyan had no magical skill and was truthfully in debt to the Minister.

“Very well you may have your time with the boy. One guard will be posted with you at all times outside of your cell to visit him while he is bed ridden. When he is well you will not leave this cell.” The warden turned around abruptly and his robes snapped. The doors to Cyans’ cell opened and he left the woman to continue contemplation of her situation and her willingness to accept a role she had never played before.

Bruce waved for everyone to gather close. Bruce was surprised how old they were. He was in his last year when he was taught by Harry Potter, and many of the students were either sixth or seventh year students as well, the older of the group were in their early twenties and looked it. the youngest of the group were Owen and Alice, and even they looked older than the seventeen and sixteen years they claimed. "I gathered you all here to talk about a grievous situation and the choice you will all need to make."

Many students who held smiles let them fade and the eldest looked around taking in the information Bruce was giving them. "As we know our Professor, Harry Potter was under the influence of a curse laid by Voldemort." Several of the men stirred at this. They said nothing but Bruce saw their hesitation and did not realize that one or two may know where this was heading. "That curse finally broke free yesterday evening."

Several students stood and started bombarding him with questions of their voluntary aid. Bruce smiled at the group. No one was willing to abandon their Professor. I wonder how long that will hold. "The seal broke in the middle of a fight. We are assuming it was an assassination attempt on Harry Potter's life but we are not sure of the details." The group looked to Alice who only nodded. "Alice was indeed with Harry when it happened, but was quickly banished by her father when he realized it was beginning." Several of the women gasped. "It was Pamela and I who first met him after his seal broke. We were forced to defend ourselves and during the fight it looked like for a moment Harry might be able to break through the curse..." Bruce fell silent for a moment and Pam squeezed his shoulder for support. "Harry was able to fight but not enough to take control again. He asked me and Pam to kill him." The group was stunned into silence. A few of the women sniffed and Alice sniffed with them.

"It was just me and Pam, and Harry telling us to do it..." The group gave him time to recover. Bruce regained his voice and said. "So I did. I ordered Pam to follow me and we attacked Harry with the intention of killing him." Bruce saw a few of his friends scowl at him and others look at him with sympathy. "We failed to kill him. But Harry left with

the impression that we were taught summoning magic just for this reason, to stop Professor Potter if his curse broke free.”

Bruce could hear Angela fall into her chair. She looked at her knees and did not dare let anyone see her face. Bruce saw the same happen several members of the group. It was only one year of teaching but Harry and his teachings effected all of them deeply. It wasn't just skill and understanding of magic that Harry taught them. It was an understanding of themselves and each other. This class had dispersed the next year but they all felt a close kinship to each other and to their professor who showed them this world.

“So this is were we all need to make a decision.” Alice stepped forward. “Alice thinks that we can capture him and help him. Truthfully, trying to follow through with Professor Potters orders was hard. I would rather not do it again.” His voice cracked at the end. He took another breath. “If you think you can't help, I understand. And I think Harry would too. This is asking a lot.”

The former classmates looked at each other. They all nodded at each other. One of the older members of the group stood. “I think we are all in Bruce.”

Bruce smiled at Amber. She was the least likely to come along on an undertaking like this. If she agreed, he had hope they could pull it off. “This is what we are going to do...” The group pulled close to him and listened.

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“The fact of the matter Minister Granger, is that you have a powerful wizard running around your country abducting people!”

The performance at this hall started four hours ago.

“We can not allow such blatant disregard for public safety to go unrecognized.”

From the moment the British Minister of Magic walked into the hall she had been constantly attacked with her motivations laced with half truths to make her the vilest thing that has walked the earth.

Another member of the Wizengamot stood and said, "We are simply asking for you to allow aid to enter your country. We know that you will need it in the coming investigation."

Hermione stood before the Wizengamot not as a leader but as a person on trial. She had been summoned shortly after the first attack on a private home. And several attacks followed from the summons to the hearing the next day. Cho confirmed for her that it was Harry's signature. Somehow it was leaked out of the Ministry that Harry had gone rouge. "The fact of the matter is that someone had attacked Harry Potter and the Vanguard family home in attempted assassination of two of the most prominent wizards in the world. Harry Potter disclosed certain information to the Wizengamot four years ago. Surely you all remember what that was."

Several of the members stirred at this. Hermione looked to the audience that was gathered to witness this spectacle. Far too many people were eager to see Minister Granger accountable for something. While the Wizengamot could not remove a Minister from his or her office, they could apply their own pressure against the people and force them to remove her from office. This was the kind of hearing someone wanted. And far too many people were happy about it.

"If you all remember, then I need not say anymore. Whoever forced Harry Potter's hand to make this happen will truly regretting it when I find out who that is. As for this Wizengamot, and this circus of a hearing," The audience of support of the Wizengamot fell silent. "If you truly wanted Wizarding Britain to have no representation at this council you merely needed to say so. We have survived without your help before, Britain will not fall regardless of who is trying to make her. Remember that Wizengamot." Hermione took the pin on her shoulder and placed it down on the table. She then turned and walked out of the hall. Several guards moved to stop her. Her own Aurors cancelled their disillusion charms and pointed their wands at the guards. The guards uneasily moved aside.

The Minister walked out to the sound of roaring outrage. The crowd gave calls between disbelief of her walking out, to calls to arresting her on crimes against the wizarding world. On top of a rampart a blond man stood next to his employer watching the scene as it unfolded. While it was not the way the blonde had expected it, it was more or less the same outcome he had told his employer. Draco smirked. "I won't say I told you so."

The employer smiled but said nothing in return.

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Hermione walked to the portkey site growing increasingly angry. One of the Aurors moved aside so that Hermione's assistant could speak with her. Hermione looked at her frightened face and immediately let the anger evaporate. "Dawn, I need to draft a memo immediately. I want to apologize to Britain for this turn of events, and they need to know why it had happened." Dawn nodded and the portkey gripped the two women. When they landed back inside Hermione's office, the two set down to start composing a letter. Hermione turned to the Aurors. "Thank you for volunteering to escort me. I would not think the Wizengamot would go this far."

One Auror growled out, "How dare they! They were not here to help us with Voldemort both times he was massacring our people. They ignored us when we asked for aid and are saying you are the dangerous one?"

Hermione had to smile, it was comforting to see someone understand her feelings on the matter before she had to explain it. "Thank you Auror Dimpson. You are both dismissed. I'll call for volunteers in a few hours to escort me to Hogwarts."

Both Aurors immediately said, "We will be outside waiting Minister. Think nothing of our volunteering. All Aurors are proud to support you." The two Aurors bowed and left the room closing the doors behind them.

Dawn finally said when the doors were closed. "I think they will not be the only ones who will support you Minister, your people love you."

Hermione smiled weakly. "I am just trying to do what is right. That is its own reward. Please, Dawn, lets start this letter. The daily Prophet press will most likely have a heart attack if I send this after they start press."

Dawn smiled and nodded.

Hermione closed her eyes and leaned back into her chair. She took a deep breath and said, "Today, I made a rash decision. However I have no regrets..."

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Mathew thrashed around in his bed. He felt a comforting hand on his chest and it pressed him down on to his bed. He calmed and his breathing normalized. He stirred again and slowly opened his eyes. His head rolled to one side and saw that it was morning again. "We were wondering if you would be able to wake up or not." Mathew raised his head a little and immediately regretted it. He let out a groan. He saw Cyan next to his bed and felt relieved it was her and not some Auror seeing him like this.

Mathew kept his eyes closed and asked. "How long have I been out?"

"Three days."

"I would ask how it is going with the hunt for Harry Potter, but I think I am more informed than anyone else is at the moment." Cyan helped him sit up and propped several large pillows behind him.

"Eat, it will help." Cyan placed a tray of hot porridge and a tart in front of him.

Mathew slowly sipped the porridge and said. "There are too many things happening, it's hard to keep it all strait." He took several more spoonful's before setting it down. "Firebird, light bringers, knife followers, cloaked soldiers and the fallen prince." He said them all

quietly to himself. "There are new groups coming into this now. I still don't know who are the firebird, or knife followers. Cloaked solders, I think are Aurors, and the fallen prince is Harry."

"What did you see Mathew?" Mathew was silent for a few moments and took another spoon full of porridge absently. "Think of just one instance and build from there. One perspective, not all of them."

Mathew nodded. He ignored thinking of Harry for the moment and concentrated on the Firebird group. He felt his inner eye looking at several old witches and wizards beaten and what looked like prison cells. "That isn't here." He said aloud. He willed his eye move deeper. There were well over thirty people in several cells. They all looked tired and worn. Mathew opened his eyes and felt himself come back to his bed. "There were a number of people in cells." He moved his hand to his head. It still ached but no longer throbbed as it did when he first woke up.

"Those people? What group did you see?"

"The Firebird group."

Cyan sighed slightly relieved. "Hermione would be happy to hear that."

Mathew looked at her. "Those were the people who are being abducted aren't they? It's not just random people. They were all members of this group."

"The Order of the Phoenix has been around since the first war against Voldemort. They were led by Albus Dumbledore."

"Professor Dumbledore!" Mathew tried to get up but was push back to his sitting position on his bed.

"He is fine. You saw that too?" Mathew nodded. "Well lets start this again. You are not going to last like this. You're getting worked up over events you cannot control. Even if you tell others, you have to learn to remain passive. Interfering can create dire consequences you do not want to have." Cyan said the last with a lowered head.

“You had something like that happen to you?”

Cyan nodded. “That’s a story for another time. I reacted foolishly, and a young man I knew died because of it. This fight with Harry Potter, it is not your fight, you are an observer to the world. We both are.” The two of them sat in silence for the remainder of Mathew’s breakfast.

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The pounding that shook the room left Susan tired and scared, not for herself but for Harry. The room seemed to be a great hall where Harry stood hundreds of yards away. Harry scowled at Susan and Albus. “I will break free.”

Albus ignored the raving man. He has his wand and made circles while pushing past the shield and a spell dissipated at Harry’s touch. Albus walked around the circle that trapped Harry. “Harry regain control.” Harry’s face changed back and forth as if his metamorphmagus skills were being used. Susan looked away as his face was so distorted he could not return it back to what it was.

The mouth on Harry’s forehead spoke “He is gone old man. I am all that is left. I will be all that is left when I get out.” The room shook again from Harry firing a spell into the cylinder cage. The mouth moved around his face when he said, “This world will be cleansed of every being who has wronged the earth. The perversion of man and beast left her weak. I can even feel it here.”

Susan woke from the nightmare. She has had several sleepless nights and it was already wearing on her. The condition of Albus Dumbledore was her first priority. He was in critical situation shortly after she had arrived in Poppy’s care. The magic force that held his body together had begun to fall and his body was too weak to compensate from the sudden shift. Three days she did nothing but watch over the ancient sleeping wizard. and for three days she tried not to think of what was going on in the outside world. She had told her friends and the Raiders that they should not make any movement until Albus was well and she would be able to tell them about

Mathew's prophecy. They told her they would try and show as much patience as possible.

Her mind wandered back to the dream. It was different from what she remembered watching Albus test Harry's curse. But it seemed harder to think what Harry could do now that the curse was free. The distorted anger Harry showed during that testing was scary. It seemed to be targeted at himself, at his loved ones and then complete strangers with no real motive or reason. Albus said that it was because Harry was exhausted. He had suffered through eight control episodes during that first test. It was the worst she had seen him. Each time he lost control the more it seemed that Harry was going mad. She was only relieved when it was safe to hold him again and she almost blocked those memories out of her mind. Susan decided not to think too much on her dream. It was just a dream.

Susan sighed and set the book down and began to pace again. She had heard nothing but reports of her husband's whereabouts. Finally, she sat back down still feeling restless. She looked at the book she was reading and grimaced at the title. Sleeping mysteries of magic.

Susan Potter sat next to Albus Dumbledore and had been reading a book on Magical exhaustion before she fell asleep. She was one of the most knowledgeable people on the subject, but this form of exhaustion was never recorded. So she was forced to entertain less than accepted views on the subject to help her see different ideas that could lend themselves to her patient's situation.

There was a rustle and Susan looked up to see Albus slowly moving his arm from under the covers. "How are you feeling Albus?"

"Weak, and old." Susan looked at him surprised by his voice. It sounded tired, but somehow defeated.

"What is it Albus."

Albus closed his eyes and laid there. Susan thought he might have fallen back asleep before he said. "I don't think what is forcing Harry to act this way is truly a curse."

Susan's kind face faltered a moment. "What do you mean?"

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The Raiders arrived at a small fortress in a desert south of the gates of Hades. Severus and Tonks led the way as they were the only two members who had been here before. "Why would Harry come here again?"

Tonks shivered out. "I don't know, Severus." Harry, Bill and her all had bad memories of this place and the book that was guarded here.

"It doesn't matter, we just have to capture him." Cho looked around and saw the trace of Harry's magic like a ribbon of cloth. It floated down into the fortress of basalt. "Let's go." Cho lead the way and Severus and Tonks followed seconds before the rest took up the rear.

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Albus' voice was unsteady when he said. "I think I had a lingering doubt about it once when Harry spoke to us while we were testing the curse. I ignored it then, thinking that it was simple fatigue on Harry's part."

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The Raiders dashed into the fortress and moved room by room. Tonks and Severus had the feeling they would not find Harry until they reached the gate chamber, a large rune covered room that was used to create golems and slaves. Cho lead the way down several corridors and round traps Tonks and Severus knew to be there. Harry had disabled a few of them to allow him passage and it aided their search. The entered the Gate room and Harry stood there on the dais waiting for them.

Cho stepped forward. "Harry."

"Cho. It has been a long time. You are all early." Cho raised her fist and Harry saw the ribbon of his signature in her hand. "So you were

the one who taught those two kids that trick. Well done. I was quite surprised.”

Cho snarled out. “I know you can fight it Harry. Even if you are weak you can still fight, you have never given up on us and we are not going to give up on you!”

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“Susan, what if the curse Tom left on Harry was not a curse of a bane...”

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Harry looked at them and laughed. He raised his hand and the room was illuminated. All of the abducted Order members were encased in small cells of glass around the room. they all looked on helplessly at the Raiders. “You will not be here to ‘rescue,’” He sneered the word. “me from myself. There is nothing there worth the effort.”

The members of the Order suddenly cried out as their prisons began to glow. The energy lit the room and poured into Harry. He laughed, giddy from the sudden rush. Harry clasped his hands together and began an incantation. The energy from his prisoners flew around him.

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“What if the curse simply refocused, Harry’s own anger?”

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Harry stood and absorbed the energy around him. The Raiders stood still not wanting to get caught up in the currents of magic that coursed around their former leader. The light around Harry began to pulsate and concentrated around his chest. Harry released his hands and spread them apart and looked towards the center of the ceiling. The preexisting runes began to glow. A sudden loud roar of an animal echoed in the room.

Harry looked at them and smiled when the energy finally faded. A black predatory cat appeared next to him. Cobalt blue eyes shined back at the Raiders. They were all stunned by this new apparition.

Tonks looked sadly at Harry and the animal at his side. She recognized Harry's fourth summon whom everyone thought was dead. "Rain..."

[illegible]

A/N: I am sorry about the month delay in this chapter. I had a case of writers block, my computer decided to die, and my job had demanded more odd hours. I also think it was hard for me to balance the parts of this story and not have someone come away with, 'what just happened?'. Hopefully the wait was worth what I wrote.

Destany Mitchell: Thank you for the review. I am glad this story is coming as well as the first.

Susan stared at Albus after he fell back asleep. His condition finally stabilized after waking for those brief few minutes. Susan tucked in the old wizard and sat at her post next to his chair thinking of what he had just said.

"There is a chance if it truly is his own anger. No one knows, but the dark side of Harry has sealed off the good. It's a rune on his chest."

Susan sat back in her chair. The feeling of restlessness set in and Susan groaned aloud. No one she had tried to contact by floo were found and owl was unreliable with this kind of information. She ignored the pulling in the pit of her stomach for several more minutes before she looked at her patient. "Sorry Albus but I need to know." She took her coat from the chair and slid it on while exiting the door. There was a loud crack before the room was silent again. Albus's breathing was regular and strong. His eyebrow furrowed in mid dream before they relaxed and he continued to sleep unaware that the fate of his pupil, friend, and surrogate grandson would be played out by the time he awoke.

Chapter 6 Restless Decisions

Another roar vibrated the walls. The black cat stretched and silver stripes laced its body giving it the semblance of the tiger it once was. Tonks saw a few Raiders cover their ears at another roar. She pulled her wand towards Harry and everyone followed.

Harry knelt before the tiger and looked as if he never had the curse. The joy he had when he saw Rain come back did not go unnoticed by the Raiders. Harry chuckled when Rain pressed against his hand.

"How?" Tonks looked at Harry still on the dais. The Raiders dared not move to give up the chance to talk with Harry. They were weary of openly fighting against him. But the thought of trying to capture him was still in their heads.

Harry did not turn from Rain. He laughed out, "How? Tonks, you should know what this place is." Harry let himself smile and three

more black animals appeared at his side and all gathered around their long lost comrade.

Cho only heard of this place. It was the entrance to Hades' castle. And his wife Persephone's home. "Resurrection?" Cho asked while looking at the fading runes along the walls.

Phor nipped Rain's ear and the tiger growled at Arvalis who slithered on his back. Argent whined at the growl but moved his head over Rain's neck in greeting. Harry snorted and it reflected in the shallow signs of emotions that his summons carried. The four summons looked to Cho. "You know I can't break laws of nature. No one can, but bending them is more than enough." All of the summons except for Rain faded away. Rain stretched and yawned widely. "Rain is part of me, I am part of him. It does not matter if he is dead, if I am alive." Rain purred slightly before looking down at the wizards ahead of him. "Have you ever heard of killing the ego? It's similar to what I did to Rain." Rain purred against Harry's neck and shoulder. Harry rubbed his back and shoulder in return. "What I did to Rain was more permanent." Harry leaned his head against his tiger's. "I am sorry." Rain's eyes shined for a moment and Harry stood up to sigh. "It's good to have you back." Rain roared again shaking the walls and the ancient ceiling dropped sheets of dust.

"I am done here." Harry raised his hand to the captured prisoners and their glass cells disappeared. "They are useless to me now. Now I can begin." Harry turned away from them and Rain disappeared.

"Wait." Harry turned and looked at Ron.

Harry smiled slightly. "If it isn't my old mate."

"Where are you going to go?"

Harry laughed. "You gain my attention, I pause to answer you, and you waste the moment by asking where I am going to go?" His eyes glinted and everyone felt the cold in the room. Harry smiled. He enjoyed the alarmed looks on these people whom he remembered as friends. "You should have asked what I am going to do." The room fell another ten degrees and Ron shivered. "I am going to leave this

place and head north back to Britain. Everything seems to start and end there.” Harry turned away from them and began to walk.

Ron gritted his teeth. “What are you going to do?”

Harry paused again and laughed without turning around. He lowered and shook his head in exasperation. “Ron you really are a piece of work.” The group felt a sudden memory in their minds.

Harry placed down the Prophet and sighed. Resentment filled his chest and he ignored the stares and whispers from the other students. “Maybe the world isn’t worth saving.” There were a few depressed nods of agreement from Ron and Hermione. Harry thought darkly to himself. Maybe it would be better to wipe the world clean. Harry looked at his two friends but they were not able to read minds and Harry’s thoughts were kept to himself.

Harry smiled at Ron when the memory he projected was over. “Good bye Ron.” Ron stood stunned from the memory. Harry began to walk away.

Cho looked at the Raiders who were as stunned from the sudden violation of their minds. Harry had pieced through their mental shields to give them that image. Cho took a step back to tap her toe to the ground before she disappeared and reappeared in front of Harry. “I can’t let you go Harry.”

Harry smiled and waved his hand at Cho. Cho clearly saw the magic force on her left side and cast a shield to her left. A loud clap of energy echoed the hall when the wave and shield met. “Do you really want to be in my way Cho?” Harry raised his hand and it began to glow a bright blue.

Harry’s spell was stopped short by twelve hexes. Each one reverberated his shield. He turned his head and smiled. “Rain.” The black and silver tiger stood next to him. “Go.” Rain sprinted towards the group of Raiders who scattered. “As for you Cho we haven’t had a good match in some time.”

“Seven years Harry.” Cho removed the auror cloak. She threw it to the side to reveal her simple black shirt and no armor. “We are both a magnitude or so stronger than what we were last.” Her eyes dulled for a moment and Harry felt her aura envelop the room. Her clothes moved slightly by the magic that surrounded her body. Harry’s eyes narrowed. The world slowed for both Harry and Cho and the sounds of hexes and curses from the summon and friends no longer held any meaning for the two of them.

“Let’s see how my apprentice handles herself after all of these years.” Harry spread his feet apart and held his hands to either side of his hips.

Cho moved herself so her left side was facing Harry and her wand arm facing away from him. “I am sorry Harry but we need to stop you. The Auror’s don’t call me the ‘pillar’ for nothing.” Harry smiled as Cho’s aura enflamed and thickened. Harry could taste the energy she was giving off in waves.

The two stared at one another for a long moment. Harry gripped his hand and both of them fired a simple spell to test themselves. “Stupefy!” The two said at once. When the two spells met half way, the room shook and the ground underneath the spells cracked and fanned through the entire floor. Harry smiled and his other three summons appeared next to him. “Help out Rain, he is in a little trouble.” Cho looked behind Harry and her Raiders were slowly pushing the tiger back. Fleur threw several balls of fire at the tiger and clawed back at him when the black tiger would claw at her.

Cho looked back at Harry and sighed. “Still showing off?” All four summons would take a large amount of concentration and attention off of Cho.

“Think of it as a handicap.” He threw his hand in her direction and five consecutive spell flew at her. Cho slide her right foot around her body and waved her wand sharply down then up. The spells that were aimed toward her were now being brushed around her and each made a hole in the stone walls behind her. She returned several hexes in rapid succession and Harry pushed them up towards the ceiling. The room shook again and Harry looked at the effects

surprised by the impact. "Not holding back are you." He said still looking at the ceiling. The holes that laid there were wide and deep.

"Never for you Harry." Cho smiled slightly and dashed towards Harry. She flicked her wand up and several stone hands emerged from the ground and grabbed Harry's ankles wrists and neck. Cho, who was still in a dead run, pointed her wand at his chest and screamed. "Pertusus!" Harry looked at the hands and moved his hands to find no slack. He glared at the stone appendages and they changed to steel and raced over Harry's body to his chest and turned into a round shield. The spell hit the shield and slowed to a halt. Cho saw that the piercing curse was still slowly moving through the metal plate. She took another step disappeared and reappeared next to Harry. She grabbed his neck and squeezed. Harry gasped in surprise. Cho squashed the ache in her heart when she said. "Bye Harry." Her wand was next to his neck "Slide." Her wand flashed a silver light before a long needle thrust through Harry's neck. Harry's shield slackened and the piercing curse moved through his chest leaving a hold the size of Cho's fist. Immediately the Summons disappeared and Harry's body fell to the floor. Cho lowered her wand and looked at Harry. The Raiders stood shocked and none could see the tears streaming down Cho's face.

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Susan walked into her house and was slowly running out of options. The Auror did not know where Tonks or Cho were, the Raider's families did not know where their family members were, and Hermione was inaccessible. She sat on the couch and placed her head in her hands. "What am I doing to do?"

What you can do...

Susan lifted her head and looked around the room. "Who's there?"

We all have things we are gifted at...

Susan walked around and cleared her head. If no one was here it was a Legilimens. What do you want?

What you want. Harry Potter to live. It is not too late. There is one person you did not look to for aid.

Susan's eyes widened. "Alice." Susan knew her daughter had been in and out as much as she had been. Susan ran to her bedroom and into the receiving chamber that held the floo fireplace. She saw the portrait over the fire place. It was an enchanted portrait of her Aunt. "Ami have you seen where Alice went?"

"Well yes I have, shame on you to not be here, she was so distraught a few days ago. She is alright now." Amelia said hastily. "She has been spending time with that nice Owen boy. There is love there I still think." Amelia smiled and went back to her book that was titled Justice.

Susan grabbed some floo powder. "The Yellows!" The green fire erupted from the fireplace and she ran in.

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Mathew sat on his chair exhausted. He had been in Cyan's cell for a few hours and already knew he pushed himself more than he should have. He looked at Cyan. "Is that enough?" Cyan nodded.

"It is more than enough. Good job Mathew." She handed him a glass of water and began to make herself and Mathew a meal. "With Susan on her way, we can only hope Harry had taught those children as his own contingency plan. Now we sit and wait."

Mathew nodded and wring his hand through his pant pockets. After a few minutes. "How can you wait like this. Without knowing?"

"And not go mind searching like you do to see what is going on now?" Mathew nodded. "For me it's better to not know and worry than it is to know and worry. Either way, you can not do a thing about it. Only watch." She sat down and handed the boy a butterbeer after he handed her his empty glass. "You are going to find, young Mathew, that not everything you do is going to help. Fore knowledge is not the end all of everything." Cyan sat next to him and took a swig of her

own bottle. "Most of the time, Mathew, you are going to have to let it all go and see where fate takes us."

Mathew nodded and sighed. He vowed he would not look to see what was going on with Alice or Harry.

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Cho looked at the body of Harry and turned him over so she could see his face. His vibrant green eyes were empty and his skin was already becoming cold. Cho took him and hugged his body. Neville walked up to her alone and saw what she did to Harry. He knelt next to his wife and placed a gentle hand on her shoulder. She nodded and laid Harry's body back on the dais where he had fallen. Cho stood up and leaned against Neville. The other Raiders slowly walked up the raised floor to see Harry. Tonks limped passed Ron and they both caught the wound on Harry's chest and neck. Everyone looked at Harry's body unable to look away from their friend, leader, and to a few, hero.

Tonks waved her wand and a sheet covered Harry's body. "L-lets get some people down here to recover Harry's body, we need to know if there is any remnants of the curse left in his body. Don't let anyone move it." He told Ron. Ron nodded numbly.

Tonks walked slowly off the steps and towards the hallway entrance when she heard several gasps. She turned and found several of the Raiders take a few steps back. She ran up the dais enough to see what was happening before she said, "Back away!"

Cho was dragged away from Harry's body. In her place stood all four of Harry's silver summons.

Rain looked at the covering and it disappeared. "Harry, you are stronger than this."

Phor looked at the wounds. The two holes in his body began to mend from the inside out. He saw the lungs reforming and the bone of his spine reconnecting through his neck. "This is not the time to be resting."

Argent stood and nudged Harry's face. "There is plenty of time, as long as you take it."

Arvalis saw the completed mended wounds and flicked his tail over Harry's heart. "Now LIVE!"

Harry took in a surprised breath of air and he stood. The rune on his chest was destroyed from the spell. He looked at his summons smiling before his eyes dulled and his summons writhed in pain. Cho, Luna and Erika took several steps forward before Harry looked up again. He glared at Cho. Harry's summons cried out in pain before each turned solid black. "I must say that you really didn't hold back Cho. Thank you." Harry snapped his hand to Cho and fired a spell at was as wide and tall as he was. Neville dove towards his wife and they both fell of the dais in a hard thud.

"I will not be stopped here of all places. Not while I have just become complete." Harry looked at his summon Rain.

Cho looked at Neville and almost sobbed out, "I can't do it again Neville it killed me the first time." Neville rocked his wife and kissed her before picking her up and placing her in hallway entrance. "Rest love. We all understand." Neville turned and ran back towards the Raiders.

Harry spread his summons through out the room and each one was attacking a different group. Neville skidded to a halt and shouted. "Ignore the summons concentrate on Harry!" Each Raider turned to Harry. Harry smiled and moved around the dais. Each spell missing. There were several moans as three Raiders fell to Phor and Arvalis. Neville and Ron appeared next to Harry and grabbed an arm and locked it to their body. Harry only had enough time to look at Ron before he felt a stabbing pain in his back before he realized it was Tonks' knife. Ron and Neville let go of Harry. That earned each of them a rocketing banishing curse slamming them both into a wall.

Harry reached for the knife and had his hand burned. Several hexes were aimed at the knife and into the wound that it opened. Harry was knocked to the ground and the remaining Raiders began to fire hex

after hex at the knife that was heating up from the amount of magic pouring into it. Harry raised his head enough to see the Raiders walking towards him each firing a hex at the knife on his back.

Harry screamed and the room felt cold. The walls froze and the Raiders fell to the ground weakened. Harry stood and his hand began to glow with their magic. The knife in his back levitated out of his rear shoulder and clattered to the floor. The Raiders looked at him and tried to raise their wands to hex him. Harry smiled and felt the wound on his back heal.

“Good bye.” Harry began to walk towards the entrance intent on sealing them all there.

“Harry!” Harry looked at the hallway and smiled.

“Hello Susan, Alice.”

Susan faltered at the hole of clothes in the center of his chest. “The rune is gone. Harry I know what it is, you fought yourself for as long as is can remember, don’t let this beat you.”

Harry’s smile faded. “What would you know about fighting, Susan.” Harry spat out, “Healer.”

The words stung Susan but she looked to Alice. Alice looked at her dad. “I am taking you home dad.”

Harry raised his hands and the Raiders flew against the walls clearing out the room for him. Harry snapped his hand towards Alice and paused a second. A memory of not accepting her death passed through his mind.

Silver lightning flashed behind Harry and a sudden pain of impact landed across Harry’s stomach and back. Harry felt himself flying towards the ceiling. In an instant he knew that the ceiling would not stop him.

He moved his magic to protect him physically from the stone he was about to make contact with and felt the layers of sandstone pass by him and out to the open air above him.

Joanne and Kelly turned to Alice. "He is outside now, lets go!" Their eyes turned silver and they along with Susan and Alice flashed silver light only to reappear outside. They arrived in time to see Harry fly high into the air.

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Bruce saw his old professor come out of the ground unwillingly and knew that the plan up to this point had gone alright. The plan was simple. To repeatedly hit Harry while he was off guard. The students of Harry's old class understood each other well enough to anticipate each other moves and cause enough damage to exhaust Harry to confine him in many layers of summon spells. He saw Peter appear over Harry and use a beam of gray light hit his shoulder to spin the man. Peter teleported to the ground and three others appeared next to a floating and spinning Harry. One of them said, "Don't let up!" The three snapped their wands at Harry and he was rocketed back to the ground flailing in a random spin.

Two more silver-eyed women appeared below Harry, "Ready? 1, 2!" The two women created a hurricane of sand that enveloped Harry. "Magnum Burst!" The Hurricane exploded and Harry's burned body flew out of the spinning sand. He raised a burned hand only to be stopped again by another body blow launching him across the desert.

Two more men appeared. "Make it count!" His silver canine howled and dashed across the sand and into Harry's chest. Harry screamed in pain from the intrusion and felt himself being drained slowly from the intruder. The summon left and Harry was dimly aware of another person casting a spell. "Sorry Harry." Angela the smart one, thought Harry. He dimly cast another shield to protect himself but the spell broke through and he was launched again into the sand where he landed with a loud and explosive thud.

He slowly stood and suddenly felt his arms and legs being attached to the ground. "Detonate!" The bones in Harry's arms and legs

exploded and Harry was only aware of the pain of his shattered bones. He laid on the sand and concentrated on his legs and they slowly and painfully re-knit themselves.

“We are not going to stop yet!” Harry opened his eyes and saw a student he remembered by the name of Cecilia floating over him. She thrust a hand onto his shoulder and Harry again felt his arms and legs being torn apart. He looked at them and gasp at the sight. They were plant roots. Cecilia turned to someone on her right. “Now!” The desert turned into an oasis and Harry's roots felt solid ground and water wrap around them. Harry also felt something he did not expect to feel in the soil. Magic.

Alice stood several meters away from him with the mask on her face that was her summon. She pulled her hands together and then pointed them at her father. Harry felt his body become weak. He tried to drain several other people of their magic who were near by, but her pull for draining was greater than his. He suddenly felt stronger and looked to his side. Owen had an enflamed concentration spell on himself and was pouring magic into him. Harry managed to snarl out, “What are you trying to accomplish?” Owen looked grim. He closed his eyes and forced more magic into Harry. Harry saw the flow of magic pour into him and only now noticed that his pull of magic was getting stronger as well. He turned to his daughter and the drain of magic she was accomplishing. She nodded once and Harry felt his body go limp. Owen had cut off his supply of magic.

There was a sudden net thrown over his body and Harry immediately felt next to no magic in his body. He looked to see his wife Susan with a determined look on her face. Some point in the back of his mind he remembered her creating a blanket to help out of control children and their excess magic. It was to slowly drain away extra magic they emitted during sleep. Harry scowled at himself. These people did not understand. The world is hopeless, it's not worth the effort they are trying to put in. Have they not forgotten the vileness that covers it. The plague that is humanity that infects the other beings of the world?

Harry managed to look at his daughter who was staring through her mask. He let out a slight moan that made his wife and child flinch. Harry concentrated on the mask. “I.. can... do... that... too...” Harry's

[illegible]

SiriusLivesInMe: Thanks for the concern but I wasn't affected by Hurricane Dennis, just had a few things I needed to settle in Real Life before getting back to writing.

TigerLilly1889: Thanks for the review and hopefully not a long wait.

blah29: Thank you for the support. A lot of reviews would be nice, but not necessary for me to keep writing. and its nice to see the few I do have. It was tough with the ending of the last story as I was directly writing into this story and had no real ending to it. I am still going over that last chapter for my first story and maybe will rewrite a few scenes when I am done with this story.

-HAVE CONGREGATED AND DEMAND YOU SUBMIT YOUR CONTROL OVER TO THE WIZENGAMOT! AND HOW DARE YOU INSINUATE THAT ANY COUNTRY WOULD PUT THEIR OWN AFFAIRS AHEAD OF THE WORLD'S!

The deafening voice finally silenced. The assistant straitened her hair and banished the remains of the howler into the garbage bin. She shuffled her paper work, ignoring the headache from the disturbing rant. She pushed back her chair and stood. The woman breathed in quickly behind black rimmed glass. The doors to the office opened for her and the assistant of several years walked calmly through the entrance and closed the double doors behind her.

Dawn sighed at the tired look of her employer. The slightly older woman sat in her chair with a lost look on her face. "We are already getting backlash from the other ministers." The assistant started. Her hand trembled when she reached for the two letters in her folder. Both were addressed to the Minister in the handwriting of two friends. "I received several howlers from eight ministers within the past hour and these two just arrived for you." Dawn handed Minister Granger the two owl'ed letters she had been waiting for.

"Thank you," Hermione opened the two letters and read them side by side. The words refuse, my hands are tied and can't help grab her attention and Hermione nodded her acceptance. She paused and read the two letters one more time. Dawn looked eagerly for a positive answer. Hermione solemnly shook her head and Dawn's smile fell. "It appears no one will provide us support or testify Britain's ability to handle its own affairs. The fact that the whole matter is dealing with Harry has everyone panicking." Hermione quietly and deliberately laid down the two letters on her desk. One was addressed from the Minister of France and the other the Minister of Germany. Both had silently supported Minister Grangers' campaign up till now.

Hermione felt complete sadness and loss of faith in the people whom she believed she could rely on. She had hoped that at the very least those two writers would mildly protest the incident that occurred in front of the Wizengamot. Their passive stances left Minister Granger alone to the politicians who ravaged her career like wolves over a kill.

Those wolves were now building a cause for her to be removed from office regardless of her own country's will and the peoples' own ignorance of the events that happened not even three hours ago.

Hermione remembered Harry sitting on a stone looking out over the lake at Hogwarts. 'Have faith Hermione? There is no faith... only fear. Fear is the most powerful force in the world.' Hermione closed her eyes. She never did understand what Harry truly meant when he gave a heartless laugh, 'it is easy to combine fear with good intentions... and there is nothing that can stop the destruction that will cross their path.'

She struggled to remember how tired Harry looked during those times he sat alone on that rock. Harry had known this would likely happen for years. Several thoughts passed through Hermione's mind. Harry really did want to leave this behind. He never wanted to see this side of the world again. The Minister of Magic placed her head in her hands and felt the pressure of the world close in on her. Hermione was left with little choice but not to collapse under the world's gaze. Hermione now understood how fragile faith was when faced with uncertainty.

...And she knew that everything living was dependent on faith.

Chapter 7 Fragile

Harry hissed in pain. He managed to take a few steps away from the center of the crater that was now a hole in the sand. He stopped and looked at the net that began to burrow into his skin. The net completely wrapped around his weak body and slowly constricted his movement. The net sizzled as it burned his skin. The emptiness of magic from his body was complete and the net still wanted more. He looked over to the wand he made. It sat inches from his feet. The wizard struggled against the net that held his arms and legs together. Harry fought against the net and it began to try and absorb more magic from him. Harry's body cried in pain against the net that wanted to continue to suck him dry of magic he no longer had. His knees finally were too weak to hold his crawling position and he fell to the ground snarling. The roots from his arms and legs broke apart as if they had rotted. A detached part of his mind noted that the net had

begun to absorb the magic that held him in one spot as well. He closed his eyes to focus beyond the burning that the net was causing him.

The group circled closer towards him. Several summons bounded into the thirteen meter crater and tried to touch him to keep him still before they quickly stopped. The net affected them as well. Several animals flicker their claws and paws in pain. Susan looked at the few summons. "It will absorb most magics. Don't ask me where it all goes. I am not a Crafter. Let's hurry. Don't touch his wand. We don't know what it will do." The summons left the crater and their masters slowly began to negotiate the steep incline of sand.

"I never saw that before." Alice looked to her mother in surprise. Susan looked determinedly. "I guess old habits are hard to. Do you know what it is?" Susan looked at the silver wand. The new artifact was in danger of sliding into the center that was becoming a sink hole.

Alice looked at the wand as well and shook her head. The face of her mask was a simple slit for mouth and closed lines for eyes. Alice reached and took off her mask. She blinked her eyes from the sun before she saw the wand with her own eyes. "Harry only told be about it because I asked him about my mask. Harry was shifty about it and never even told me what his turned into. Never mind what it did." Alice didn't know what to tell and not to tell. The conversation with her father that day had been weird. "He called the ability Contract Break."

Susan saw three people crawl out quickly as the sand began to drag them in. Harry snarled at them but the group slowly made their way down towards their professor.

"Why that?" Susan had her wand still in hand and had it still pointed at her husband.

"The thoughts that make up a summon is a contract of sorts. Well that is what Harry thinks. Some thoughts that hold a summon in place have bounds to them of what a summon can and can't do. Rin is unable to allow me to hurt myself. Even if I hated myself for example. Angela can't have her summon Gelus make an area vacuum from

teleporting like apparation can. Weird things like that. Harry got real shifty at some points.” Alice moved her head to her chin and began to wonder.

“But you have hurt yourself before...” Susan heard herself say aloud.

“While I was wearing my mask yeah I remember.” Alice shuddered from the memory of the previous year. She had been modifying a spell while wearing the mask. The spell would allow the caster to levitate an object regardless of the enchantments placed on it to keep it in one place. The first time Alice cast it, she was rooted into one position and levitated herself into the wall at terminal velocity. She broke her arms and leg in the accident and was lucky she wasn’t killed. “If I had used integration while in that accident Rin would have protected me even though I was...” Alice looked back to Harry and to several people who were not very willing to get close to him. “Harry said contract break... Is it because the summons are able to do something that they shouldn’t be able to do?”

Susan gasped. “Everyone! Don’t use your summons! Have them sleep.” Several people looked at Susan as if she was insane. Susan ran to the mouth of the impact crater and did not blink away from her battered husband.

Alice’s mind was racing. “Rain died...” She put on her mask and shouted. “DO IT!” Alice ran after her mother.

Harry’s eyes opened at the sound of shuffling sand and his body thrashed wildly against the net. Three people were within feet of his body. The sand was slowly moving towards the center and Harry felt his own body back to where he had landed. Harry saw the bottom of his heel was sliding into the sand. He rolled slightly towards his wand but the wand slid down the sand dune several more inches. Harry ignored the talking above him and he rolled towards the wand as others tried to find a way to push it away from him without touching it themselves. Harry rocked his body before someone could grab him and his body began to slide down the sand dune. His hand grazed the silver wand at his side. The wand responded to his fingertips. Harry slumped into the net and felt his body cool. The wand slid away but Harry smiled. The touch was enough. Two knives appeared over

Harry and slashed the net in two wide arcs. The wand flew towards Harry's hand. Several people swore and Alice stopped Susan from reaching Harry.

Harry stood shakily. He snarled in pain from burns to his chest and back. His body was still burnt and his clothes were shredded and worn. Harry looked at the people surrounding him. The few who were close ran back to the mouth of the crater and the whole group had their wands pointed at him. Harry slashed his wand through the air and the magic he had placed into the wand what seemed ages ago flared. Blue light exploded around Harry and sand beat across the former students. Several men and women crumpled to the ground blind from the sand.

Susan covered her eyes and cast a shielding charm over her face and looked around. The sand had settled and twelve of Alice's group still had their wands pointed at Harry. Alice helped one of her friends stand and Angela cast a spell to disarm Harry. Harry moved his hand at the spell and smiled. He breathed loudly at the impact and the spell disappeared. Harry pooled what magic was from the spell and held it to his wand. His arms shook from the effort that he applied to his already taxed body.

Susan looked at her husband. Her focused her eyes and whispered quietly. "Alice, how well can you use sight?"

"What do you mean?" Alice asked in the same hushed tones. She eyed her father assessing his situation and he looked directly at Alice. "Good I think."

Susan shook her head. "Can you see the threads Harry is making?" Alice had no idea what her mother was talking about. It showed on her face.

Owen was a few feet away from them and heard the two. "I think I know what you mean. Sight." Owen sucked in his breath and swore. The spell Harry had caught was pooling into the wand. "Clever. We can't absorb magic from inanimate objects." His eyes lost focus and he nodded at Susan. "His magic is entwined into his wand. All the magic I see is held with in the wand itself." Owen saw the thick ropes

that tied Harry to the wand in his hand. The magic that was left to Harry was solely inside the silver wand. "He pushed all his magic into the wand didn't he?" Owen said aloud. Harry's arm vibrated from the change of magic before the spell he had caught disappeared. He lowered his wand arm while gritting his teeth. He knew he was tired. Harry raised his free hand to an open palm to absorb any spell that was through at him.

"We need to dispel the wand. You and I need to break those threads Owen." Susan said determinedly.

Alice raised her wand and nodded to the others. "We will give you an opening."

"We have to use integration." Said someone on Alice's right.

"Listen everyone, there is a chance the wand has the ability to kill your summons." Susan said while staring down her husband. He smiled as she said it. He enjoyed the startled looks from the others.

Several of the adults looked at each other but nodded. In a cacophony of voices Alice and Susan heard "Integrate."

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Cho barely managed to roll onto her side and cough loudly. Dust choked her throat and made her want to gag. She stood up and unsteadily walked to her husband who was laying several meters away from her. She held onto the wall of the room to keep from falling over but stumbled soon after she started. Cho Longbottom looked at her husband who lay peacefully on his back. She was just within arms reach when her body refused to move any more. Protecting herself from Harry's last attack had almost completely drained her. Cho did not want to think of the others who were in the room with her and their fates. Her arm reached from her weak position and touched Neville's face. Her fingernails ran across his cheek and she stared at his chest to see if it would rise. She felt completely helpless. Her body did not want to move and her mind screamed for her mouth to call Neville's name. She looked at her husband and cried. The numbness of her body was forgotten and all she could see was Harry's lifeless

face and how it matched Neville's now. She just wanted to make sure Neville was still living. Her silent crying echoed across the room, and she felt alone.

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"Stick to physical attacks! He absorbs slower through physical contact!" Alice shouted while raising her wand she let it go to float in mid air before spreading her hands to her sides arms open wide. She slammed her hands over the wand in a loud clap. The sky turned gray and she felt the dome become successfully erected. It was similar to the one Harry made for his only original spell. It prevented anyone from escaping for the duration it is in effect.

Harry saw the dome for what it was and one of the wizards was flown into his hands and Harry caught the young man by the throat. The young man named Daniel screamed before he passed out and his body collapsed at Harry's foot. Harry jumped into the air and dodged several charges by witches and wizards. He pointed at the dome in the sky and gave a wordless shout. Heat flared from the wand and impacted the dome. Alice closed her eyes and concentrated on keeping the dome up. Alice flinched at the impact. The dome vibrated but remained still. The sand dunes shook and the landscape was slowly becoming a flat sand land.

Susan and Owen charged in after Bruce was able to get Daniel out of harms way. Owen fired a spell. Harry eagerly opened his palm to accept it until he saw the spell change into metal pole. Harry side stepped the projectile in time not to be impaled. Owen moved to the left and Susan moved to the right. Susan noticed that she was not getting hexed as much as the others. She dodged debris that was kicked up from Harry and three others who were trying to draw the man into an open position to be taken. Susan spared a second glance at Alice. The whole length of the fight Harry had outright ignored her. Susan thought it was something. I hope Alice will forgive me. Susan cast a flash charm. IT was enough to get Harry's attention.

Harry's eyes narrowed at her and he quickly began to fire spell after spell at her. Susan dodged them all. Her waist and arms moved back and forth as if dancing. Harry snarled and fired faster at the woman

who easily evaded the hexes. Susan pulled her wand and then lowered to fire a hex, but it wasn't to Harry she was pointing it at. "REDUCTO!" A red beam of magic erupted from her wand and headed toward Alice. Susan prayed her aim would be true to simply pierce through Alice's ear in case Harry did not react the way she had hoped he would.

Harry looked at the woman he remembered as his wife in confusion before he saw her target. A primal force in his mind registered the need to protect the girl and his body disappeared before standing in front of the girl and deconstructing the magic spell before it her. Alice looked at both of her parents in shock. Harry wore the same look as his daughter. Where did that come from? That is the second time... Owen appeared next to his former professor interrupting his thoughts. The young blonde moved his wand to slice the ropes of magic that tethered the wand to its user. Harry screamed from what felt like an appendage being cut off. The wand fell to the ground unceremoniously.

Susan and Owen each grabbed one of his arms and held him while he struggled to have his hands touch one of them. Three other witches ran and quickly grabbed a hold of the man's forearms. "We need to ground him now!" Susan shouted while one of his hands almost broke free of three witches grip.

Two witches did another variance of the transfiguration they did before. Harry's arms turned into roots that shot into the sand that turned to dirt around them. The roots traveled for hundreds of meters before stopping near a previously unknown water cave. Harry grunted against the forces trying to restrain him while more roots sprouted from his back and chest and then from his legs. Harry struggled for freedom from the roots rather than the arms holding him.

Finally Susan and the other slowly let go of their wayward teacher. Harry struggled for several more moments before his body finally exhausted itself and had no reserves of magic to hold itself together.

Harry's body collapsed now only being held up by the roots that bound him. Slowly the weight of his body pulled the roots to the ground with him. The roots that were still his hands dragged through

the soil as he hit the soft earth that was a desert only moments before. He took a wizened breath and looked up at the two women his mind seemed to become fixated on. Susan and Alice centered his vision and he was not aware of the young men and women who surrounded him or the pressure of several summons as they held his body down.

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Cho woke up again not realizing that she had fallen asleep. Her husband's chest was indeed moving and Cho held a sob of relief. She was able to stand and looked at the others. They were all alive and only unconscious. She checked each one but could not revive them either. She looked around to find clues to what had happened and found dirt in small circle in the middle of the floor. She brushed some dust of her shoulder and looked to where it had come from. She gasped aloud and the noise rung in her ears.

Cho saw a two meter hole in the ceiling that looked like it went all the way tot eh surface. Cho took a deep breath and tempered her mind before apparating to the surface. If there was still fighting, she needed to be apart of it. Not while she knew that Harry was still here, and not the one she knew. With a loud crack she was gone.

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Harry felt his body surrounded by cold for moments while hands pushed him up and started to lift him. Did they win? His mind demanded. A relieved side said at once, Yes. Another protested, No! Harry's hands were returned to hands along with his feet and the coolness of the water and soil was replaced by heat from a desert. Let them win.

Far away a voice said, "We need to hurry. He won't stay weak for long. We need to start to find 'the faith' in his mind." Never let them win! I must win! The voice echoed in the hollows of Harry's mind.

"Alice and I will dive now. If we don't come back and Harry hasn't returned to normal we probably won't come back ever." Several Summons increased the pressure to Harry's body that pined him tot

he ground. Several wizards conjured umbrellas and transfigured sand to water to help the group recover and quench their parched mouths.

Owen nodded and stood over the two women as they knelt over the man of their lives.

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Alice and Susan opened their eyes and found themselves in a single room lined with stone. They looked at each other in surprise. "It wasn't like this the last time I was here." Susan said quietly. She looked around and found a path out of the room that was hidden with the alignment of the stones.

Alice followed and said quietly. "Its really barren compared to mine." Alice shuddered. The last time she had seen her own mind. It was in fact only a small part of her mind that Harry rescued her from, but it was something she would never forget. "I just hope Harry's horrors are not here to consume him." Susan didn't think on the statement and they both found the corridor ended at a dead end. They looked at each other before the hall changed to the wall entrance to Diagon Alley. Susan hit the required bricks and the path opened to reveal another stone room. This room had two Harry Potters who were strung against a wall opposite of each other. Susan and Alice ran to a different Harry.

Susan saw hers whispering something. She leaned closer and heard. "Don't stop, keep fighting. I can't loose, Never loose." She didn't know what to make of it. Was this the curse, or a part of her Harry that was fighting? She turned to Alice and saw here trying not to cry.

"What is it Alice?" Alice only waved her hand to the other Harry.

"Let it go, let it all go. So tired, let me rest in peace."

Susan hugged her daughter and they both moved to the center of the room. "Which one is which?" Alice finally asked

Susan sighed and shook her head helplessly. "Think we can ask them? They have been fighting against something."

“Think it’s the curse?”

Susan looked at them both. “I don’t think either one of them is the curse. They are just parts of Harry that are always in conflict. Harry always had wanted to give up and never did for as long as I have known him.” Alice nodded. She walked up to the one who wanted to keep fighting. She leaned over his bound body and said in a whisper to match her fathers. “We love you, we understand.” The Harry continued to chant ‘can’t stop’ finally silenced and both Harry’s at the same time sobbed a painful sob. Alice hugged him but he growled at her and fought against his bonds. “I CAN’T STOP FIGHTING! I CAN’T! I CAN’T FAIL! HE IS STILL HERE! HE WILL KILL EVERYONE! I WILL NOT LET TOM DO IT!” Harry struggled against the bonds and was slowly crying out his pain.

Alice and Susan looked at both Harry’s and each took one in their arms. “You beat Tom long time ago Harry.” Susan started. Alice hugged her father and said aloud for both Harry’s. “No one can hurt us any more. You won.”

The Harry who wanted to end it all nodded sadly. He smiled and said, “It’s over... We can rest. I can live.” That Harry screamed in pain. Both Harry’s bonds broke free and they both hit the two girls to the center. Both Harry’s looked at the stunned women and said in unison, “WE CAN’T STOP! NEVER STOP! TOO MUCH TO DO! EVIL TO WIPE AWAY! WORLD TO CORRECT!” Both Alice and Susan stood.

“Dad!” Alice cried out and reached to hug him. Harry only slapped her cheek and pushed her aside. Susan went to pick up her daughter. “Harry please listen, we are trying to help you.”

“GET OUT!”

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Cho Longbottom appeared in the middle of the desert. She used sight and found two dozen people east of her. She closed her eyes and apparated to the group mindful to keep some distance to assess the situation. She arrived and found a small group of witches and wizards

surrounding a person lying on the ground. She saw Harry unconscious and pulled her wand out. "Will you all please move? I have a wizard to kill." She said quietly. The other turned to look and saw a very determined Auror.

Bruce and Pam ran up to her. "Longbottom! Wait, Alice and Susan are still in there." Cho saw the two kneeling over Harry and touching his shoulders.

Cho looked at the group warily. "They are trying to save him then?" Owen walked up to the old woman and said, "Yes."

"They have ten minutes before I decide if I should kill Harry." She said, ice in her voice. She gripped her own hands trying to steel her determination.

Owen glared at her. "If you do anything to harm them you will not like the consequences." The air thickened and began to weigh the group down. Cho looked at him unaffected. "You were not the first person he taught that to." The air doubled and Owen almost had to take a step to keep his footing. Cho smiled at the boy. He was obviously trying to handle the amount of magic he had conditioned. "I will not harm anyone as long as Harry does not harm anyone else." She said at last with a sigh. Silently she prayed for Susan's success, but it would normally do little good for Cho to hope when she would likely be forced to carry out the deed.

Again...

Owen nodded at the older woman's compromise and felt the air return to being hot and arid.

It was only two minutes before Alice and Susan screamed and opened their eyes. They both had sore throats and bruises appeared on their cheeks. Harry opened his eyes and snapped his fingers. The explosion that came from his body made Alice, Susan and Owen fly through the air. Several wizards caught them and another healed the three of them. Harry stood and his body moved from side to side. "Can't let them go. Too dangerous." He whispered to himself.

"It didn't work?" Owen yelled over the sound of the explosion.

"Something is wrong, the curse over rode Harry's ability to reason after a point. As soon as he was able to work with something his mind turned back to the curses influence." Susan said to the group who were gathering around her and Alice to assure themselves they were both alive. They saw Harry standing and panting and their summons disappeared not chancing their summons to be killed.

Harry did not feel any magic with in his body and looked at the sun that was giving the earth so much heat. Harry opened his arms and began to enjoy the heat beaming onto his body. He instantly sighed in relief. The weakness of his body filtered away and the heat of the sun increased over him. Harry raised his hand and the wand flew into his grip. He pointed the wand toward the sun and heat of the desert tripled and heated winds pushed everyone surrounding him away.

Alice allowed the wind to push her back a meter and landed on her feet. Her mask appeared over her face and reflected the heat but her arms and legs were burning from the heat. The black ink eyes opened wide and Alice saw magic appearing out of the very air. Alice had never seen Harry do something like this but she was positive she was seeing the heat from the sun changing into magic.

"Too dangerous... Need to stop them now." Harry panted out. The sky turned black and a dome, miles wide, began to come down over the horizon on all sides. Alice shouted, "RUN!" Eight people apparated immediately and three tried and failed. It was too late. Harry stood panting still chanting "Can't let them go, too dangerous Need to stop them now." Stone walls circled Harry and Owen banged his fist against the casing too late to flee and too late to stop the spell. Several people tried the ground but found that the dome extended beneath them as well. Alice immediately had her mask over her face. Ink eyes and mouth wide open in full circles. "I am going to try and disenchant the dome any other ideas are helpful right now."

Susan went to the stone pillar to try and talk to her husband. Several others looked around helplessly. "Kid, what's your name?" Cho asked the blonde. "Owen Yellow."

“Owen I need your help. We should be able to break that casing if we both combined our spells. Do you know the assassin piercing curse?”

Owen smirked. “Of course,” Owen pointed to himself. “Slytherin.”

Cho nodded. “We need to pierce the rock. Aim for where the shoulder would be.” Owen nodded and Pam screamed when she saw a fifteen meter black Argent standing on the sand. Next to him the other summons appeared. “Let’s hurry.”

“Bruce, get Susan out of there!” Bruce’s bear appeared next to him and the earth shook in waves. Susan lost her footing before the waves of sand as fast as a river’s current pushed her away from the pillar.

“I trust you are very good with condition after I saw your little display earlier.” The air became dense with magic and the others near by moved away, having a hard time breathing.

Owen nodded and followed suit. His magic laced into thin strong ropes around his body and was quickly building in power. “It is the only thing I know.” He said finally.

Cho didn’t look at him but heard the disappointment and frustration in his voice. “On 3. 1..2..3..”

Both witch and wizard thrust their wand onto the point where Harry’s shoulder would be. Two brown beams of magic sped from their wands and hit the pillar with a loud crack. Owen and Cho held their positions keeping the spell as a constant drill. Cho saw the cracks in the pillar slowly mending and she threw as much magic into the spell as she could. Owen used his free hand to modify his condition. His mind had set the condition of his magic to break the pillar. The pillar was indeed broken and the condition was slowly wearing off. Owen concentrated to pierce Harry’s shoulder and his spell tripled in strength. Owen sucked in his breath and kept his knees locked as to not fall over from the sudden drain of energy.

Susan looked at the casters and then back to the pillar where Harry was protected. The pillar continually cracked and finally everyone flinched as they heard a scream form inside.

Cho and Owen cut off their spells. Cho shouted to Susan. "If you want to dive again this is your last chance!" Susan ran to her husband and reached her arm into two foot hole. She touched his bloody shoulder and felt her mind slipping into his.

Four animals cried and Cho and Owen finally noticed the enormous obsidian-like beasts that had lined up against the pillar. Cho looked to Owen. "I am going to help Susan. Get everyone ready to dodge those things as fast as you can. DO NOT ATTEMPT TO BLOCK THEM!" She screamed to everyone as she stood behind Susan and reached over the shorter woman's shoulder.

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Cho opened her eyes and found Susan talking two one of two Harry's. Each one was shouting at her to leave him. Just as one was about to strike his wife Cho reached and stopped his hand. "I know you Harry this is nothing compared to what you have broken before."

"GET OUT!" Susan and Cho felt themselves beginning to be pushed but they both grabbed onto the chains that held Harry in place.

"Neither of us are going to leave Harry. We are not leaving you here like this." Susan said aloud. The wind that was pushing the two witches finally died.

"The people are care about are going to die! Do you want that?" Cho pleaded. The two Harry's growled at the women.

"Alice is going to die." Susan screamed.

"Your wife is going to die." Cho said after her. The growling stopped and a look that was almost Harry's gave the two hope.

One of the Harry's muttered. "Must make it clean."

"The world is already clean Harry! Hermione ensured that years ago!" Cho said. It was hard to see one of her friends and someone she had always loved in pain.

Harry struggled with something and Susan finally said, "Now you just need to let it go." Both Harry's snarled and turned their heads from side to side in pain.

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"No luck with breaking this down." Alice said tiredly.

The black summons had not moved since they appeared and the group was spreading out to be able to move around them. "We will be alright, there are only four of them and we have miles to dodge them in." Bruce said confidently. The former students were set into pair groups to be able to alternate as to not let themselves tire out.

Alice saw Susan and Auror Longbottoms' body still in their standing position against the pillar. "I hope those two will be okay."

"They will be they just need to time do what ever they are doing." Alice looked at Owen and squeezed his hand for reassurance. "We will all make it Alice." Owen squeezed back.

The animals all roared again. They glowed violet energy. "Get ready!" Bruce shouted.

The Phor moved his head before he broke apart into thousands of small balls of light. Argent, Arvalis and Rain followed suit. Pam managed to utter out, "Oh god."

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"Can't accept! Can't give up!" One of the Harry's finally said.

"Yes you can! You told me once that when the fighting was over you need to recognize it is all over!" Cho screamed. She grabbed one of the Harry's by the shoulders. "You promised me that when Voldemort

was dead you would live your life! You are breaking your promise Harry.” Cho said aloud.

Susan looked at Cho not fully aware she was not surprised. She went to the other Harry and said to him. “Your ex and your wife are both here to tell you that we still love you Harry. We never want to give up on you. I know it is hard to let go so I will do it first.” Susan leaned against Harry’s body and kissed his cheek even as he tried to bite her. “Bye Harry, I am letting you go. If you think you can let go too, I will be waiting.” Harry’s eyes shone through for a moment.

Cho heard Susan’s good bye and followed her. “I will always hold a place for you in my heart Harry. We showed each other the best and worst of love. I think I will let it all go now too. If you can accept the world as it is and it is and will get better, we will be here.” Cho kissed Harry’s forehead and walked out of the room. The door finally closed and neither woman could hear the snarling and panting words that both Harry’s had continued to say. Susan was crying and they both left Harry’s mind unsure what they would find when they returned to their bodies, if they had bodies to return to.

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Both Harry’s still felt the kiss the women left on their faces. Harry felt his mind convulse and memories of both women and his promises to everyone appeared in his mind. Harry screamed in two voices. ‘You have to let go sometime Harry’. Harry recognized Cho’s voice from years ago. ‘I doubt that you could change the world as it is. Sometimes things change faster when you do nothing.’ Rain’s voice echoed in his head. And it was one of those times that it eerily sounded like Sirius’s. Susan said once, ‘You want to do it all. No one can. When you get it through your thick skull, get me.’ Harry felt her voice fade.

“The world is better than it was...” Both Harry’s said at once. They both screamed in pain. Something was compelling them not to give up. They both broke free of their bonds and they looked to a wall. It was something they had never wanted to look at. It was their great shame. They opened the door that appeared where the wall once stood. A single memory appeared to them.

Bill Weasley looked at Harry and smiled. "I can't escape Harry. No one else can now. I know you feel you have to fight all the time, but there are times where everything has to be released." Bill ruffled the young mans hair even as his hand burned from touching the source of magic. "Let it go, Let it all go."

Both Harry's screamed at the memory and everything that happened afterward. Harry vividly saw Bill die again.

'let it all go'

Harry nodded and felt what ever was making him keep fighting snap.

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Susan and Cho moved their stiff bodies and saw thousands of black lights in the sky. They both recognized that they were the summons. Some one said 'oh god' before the lights charged down to the ground.

Susan looked inside the pillar when she heard Harry gasp. She saw part of Harry's face and normal green eyes looked back at her. He closed his eyes and the black balls of energy turned silver even as they started flying around the desert chasing witches and wizards. Pam stumbled as Bruce pulled her shoulder to keep moving. A single ball of energy flew towards her chest and Bruce and Pam both looked on helplessly. The black ball of energy turned silver and passed through Pam's chest harmlessly. They all looked around and saw the dome that had covered the sky faded. People were still fleeing from the spheres but soon did not need to. They were slowly returning to the single stone pillar.

Harry was breathing slowly and the stone pillar slowly disappeared. Harry fell to the ground and the silver lights combined until there were four animals circling the man. Cho and Susan knelt next to him and both hugged him tightly.

Harry just lay there and let them do it. Arvalis hmm'ed a moment before he saw Alice and Owen. He nudged Phor and the bird took off. The flying summoned called for everyone to gather.

Everyone apparated to Harry and saw the man laying on his back. His summons were talking quietly to a few people and they hushed when everyone arrived. Harry looked at the group and then to Cho and Susan. He smiled his normal smile. The group looked at him relieved. "Thank you everyone." Harry closed his eyes and fell asleep.

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Susan looked at the ancient man and waved him good bye. "Are you going to be alright mom?" Susan looked down to his daughter and smiled back.

"I will, but there does not seem to be much time to rest. Albus was reading Hermione's letter in the Prophet. There is a call for war now."

Alice followed her mother while leaving Hogwarts grounds. "Everyone volunteered as soon as the news broke out. Have you visited your friend?"

"Thank them for me. Cho's group is too weak and they are almost all recovering. I have talked with Hermione and we need to hold a press conference to explain to Britain what has happened. And its going to have to be covered in detail. Whether Britain demands to do is still up in the air." Alice nodded and they both apparated to Ministry unsure of the future.

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Harry woke and found himself in a bed. He saw the ceiling and sighed, quite bitter that he had been taken here of all places. He looked to his side and saw Albus slowly sipping tea in bed. Harry saw that Susan was not here watching over them. He was surprised since Susan never left her infirmary at Hogwarts. Especially if he was here. Harry did not want to think on that thought right now worried of what she would think of him.

"Feeling better?" Albus asked not once looking away from the news paper on his lap.

"I should be asking you that Albus." Harry tried to sit up and immediately regretted it. His head plopped back down to the bed and groaned again.

"I am glad to see you managed to break the curse on your own."

Harry muttered, "No, not on my own. I had a lot of help. Alice was always an anchor for me. Susan and Cho helped me find that last moment..."

Albus nodded and finally asked. "The curse... That was what it was..."

Harry furrowed and nodded sadly. "Voldemort placed a condition on me. It never was a curse. How can I be so stupid?" Harry scowled at himself but he let it soften. "No, that is not right. Tom was always brilliant. I don't know if he had been weaving that into me for years or if he had just done it at the spur of the moment."

"Either way Tom really was a genius."

"I don't even know where to start to place a condition on another person. Where did he start? When did he start to learn that kind of magical control? Did that mean he had used condition for his entire life? Or that he saw an insight and a weakness and performed something he never done on himself." Harry stopped and the room was silent except for Albus's tea as he drank it. Finally Harry sighed out. "The condition he placed on me was to not allow me to give up." Albus nodded in understanding. Harry would not have been able to see that kind of force placed on him since that was a natural inclination. "Tom knew me as well as I knew him. He knew that I was struggling with the world as it was. The condition forced me to prepare by getting as much magic together as possible and then lash out. The condition was eating at me and my magic since I was not acting on it." Harry struggled for a moment and said, "I killed Rain for a condition."

"Hush its all right my boy. You did what you believed was right."

"But I got rid of the one summon that could have helped me with this."

"The idea for Rains' summon was acceptance." Albus said. "That did not mean you could not accept anything, it just meant that it would be harder to accomplish it."

"But I never really tried did I? I searched for ways to conquer it. To defeat my 'curse'."

"We will never know Tom's true intent was when he placed that condition on you. Now we just have to move on. It is completely gone then?" Harry nodded; glad his head was feeling better. "Get some rest Harry the world will still be here tomorrow."

Harry fell back to bed and the questions of his friends being alright and of his wife and daughter hung on his head. He knew Albus had cast a resting charm on him but did not care. The rest of the world can wait for him to rest just this once.

End Part 1 Broken Will

A/N: This chapter has truly been a pain to write. I have not had much time to write it and even less time to think about the story. The story is not on hiatus, but I know I will not be able to keep to the weekly chapter update I had done for the last story. I am not sure if I will have a schedule or if I will simply post as they are finished. There are roughly 6 more chapters left to the story.

I looked at TOS and decided it is better to be safe than sorry. Not really happy with not responding to reviews on chapters. I will start responding to reviews on the yahoo group. That's it! I hope to see you all here next time.

Daily Prophet

To the people of Britain,

Today, I made a rash decision. However I have no regrets. I have resigned my seat on the Wizengamot. When the Wizengamot first became the international union I had proposed eight years ago, I was naïve enough to believe that faith in Ministers of Europe would help in creating a new world. Alas, I found my self this afternoon on the very stand I created not as part of the council but as part of an enemy to the system that I held so dearly to my heart.

As of now, the Wizengamot is ordering a vote of no confidence in my position as Minister of Britain. This can only be done with the vote of the heads of my departments, and with a thirty four percent of Britain's population. These were my own legislation I have instituted several years ago. Irony of my situation aside, it will be you, the people, who will decide my fate. I only ask you to continue to read this letter to understand the circumstances that have created this lack of faith in my abilities and of the crimes my peers believe I have committed.

As Minister of Magic for Britain and the United Kingdom I have made choices that have affected the people of this noble nation. The safety of the people has always been my primary concern and it is because of this, that you are reading this. Two days ago, Harry Potter was attacked in an attempted assassination that coincided with the attack and attempted assassination of The Prophet, Mathew Andrew's. What many did not know was that Harry Potter is under the effects of a curse that has left him weak. The curse was given to him by none other than Lord Voldemort on his dieing breath. In order to protect the wizarding world, Harry Potter left us until a time where he could live among the rest of the nation safely. That happened four short years ago. The balance Harry Potter made in controlling the curse was not fragile, and it was not his only means of keeping himself in check. He had outlined his contingencies with the Wizengamot before he decided to live in the Magical World. The Wizengamot agreed with his decision. We believed and I still believe in Harry Potter and his plan to protect the world, even at the cost of his own life.

The curse's very nature would force The-Man-Who-Saved-Us-All to continue Lord Voldemort's perversion of work. How, we do not know. It is unknown exactly the nature of the curse as Harry Potter himself has never allowed it to control him. With the seal Mr. Potter placed on himself, he believed he would be safe from it ever breaking.

It was not to be. The attack on him and his daughter forced the seal to break, and with it, the curse to run its course. Harry Potter and I have made additional contingencies in this event, and I know Harry has made his own insurances for the safety of the world. Again we spoke with the Wizengamot for every year for the past four years about Harry Potter's condition. They agreed with the plans and did nothing.

Now that the worst we had privately fear has come to pass. The people who have been abducted were not at random, but people whom Harry has had a strong association with and the British Ministry has prepared for this event. However the Wizengamot has ordered an investigation in the competency of my control of this situation. I am sad to say that I have had suspicions of many of the council's desire to control Harry Potter or kill him. They had never once spoken through the entirety of the inquiry regardless of my own questions, of the people who had attacked him and Mathew Andrews.

The members of the Wizengamot are the same witches and wizards before the formation of the international Wizengamot who had refused to give us aid in the last three wars. Their decision cost the Wizards and Witches of Britain lives and I fear if I submit to their demands, many more will die. In every time of darkness Britain has been entrusted by those who do not help themselves to keep the world safe. We kept the world safe. The world lived on.

When in session, the last Wizengamot made a poor offer of aid that was to be given to Britain. But the aid demanded that I hand over control of most offices to a confederacy held by the Wizengamot until the dangers of Harry Potter passed. I have rejected the aid offered, as the ones who had offered this plan have, for years, been planning to gain political clout over our beloved country. Allowing their aid would in effect, handing them control of our lives. What they offered was not aid. At this time we have one captured wizard in custody

from the Andrew's attack. The Unspeakables' have found answers that lead the wizard to be of foreign soil. Trust is a precious and delicate thing. The actions of the Wizengamot during this last meeting have made me lose trust in the judgment of the Wizengamot itself.

And this is where I finish my explanation. It is now time to see what will be done to me. I ask you to make your decisions based not on slander and innuendo but by what I have completed with the Ministry since my appointment. I ask in faith for the people of the United Kingdom to show the world that our mother land has always stood strong and has never fallen, be it during revolution, dark lord or invasion. Whatever my fate, believe that I am proud for what I have accomplished in my term as Minister, and I pray my predecessors will continue to improve my work.

Hermione Weasley, Minister of Magic

Part 2 Unguided Allegiance

Chapter 8 Unsettled

Run faster! His mind screamed at him. The man felt a spell buzz his hear and he felt suddenly nauseous. He dodged several more spells and threw trash in the ally in the way of the spells. The debris foiled the aim of the spells giving him time to continue running. Crest was a man who had no name other than the one given to him by the man he respected the most.

He would die for his friend, but this was not a way he wanted to repay the person he honored. Crest reached for his ring. He tried to activate the portkey but it refused to take him away from this nightmare. He could hear the cheering crowds far behind him over the din of shouting spells. Crest swore loudly towards the ward that prevented him from escaping. He ducted around a corner building and waved his wand at the sewage cover he saw several spaces ahead of him. He didn't care about the foulness that likely lay below him and jumped in waving his wand at the cover to close behind him. He landed hard on the ground and jumped over the small drizzle of sewage that flowed in the center of the large stone passage. He kept

running in the direction he had been going before slowing enough only to cast an illusion of himself going the opposite direction.

You have to get out of here! His mind screamed at him. The man's lungs burned. His body involuntarily slowed and he tried the port key again. It still refused to work. He heard several shouts and ignored the noise of his heart before pushing his body to run again. Several intersections in the sewers passed before he finally slowed again.

"There you are." The man gasped. He turned and took several steps back. "I think you saw enough Crest. Don't worry, your master will join you soon." The man named Crest glared at his pursuer and exhaled. His body shivered in fear. "Avada Kedavra!"

It was only the fact that his weak body collapsed on himself that he had lived. The killing curse sailed over his body and down the sewer. Crest pushed his elbows into the ground and pushed himself away from his attacker. The standing man sneered at the man on the ground and his pathetic attempt to continue to try and flee. "Damn spies. Die!"

Crest felt the ring held tight in his hand begin to warm. He knew instantly he passed the anti-portkey wards. He was gone in a blink of an eye.

Crest landed on a hard wooden floor and looked around wildly. His heart felt as if it was in his throat and he smelled of the sewer he had been running in. He sighed for a moment in relief before he stood and grabbed the book from the shelf. He raised his wand to the center of the ceiling and cast a flare hex that set the ceiling on fire. The fire instantly spread to the whole house. Crest stood in the burning building long enough to see it was all aflame before he opened the book and activated a portkey that was in the shape of a book marker.

He arrived safely in a room far away from where he had been working at and collapsed into a reclining chair. He sobbed in relief, just happy to be alive before he looked at his ring. He rubbed the signet twice. The symbol of fist and knife glowed. His mouth quivered into the ring saying the activating password to talk to the man he was willing to risk his life for. "Speak with me Severus."

-0-

Severus Snape placed a careful hand through his hair and gave a satisfactory smirk to the mirror. Hermione's acceptance speech was in several hours and he would be representing the Potion Masters Guild. It is going to be his first official function as the Guild Vice Chairman. Severus smirked. If the address to the nation was a success as many expected it to be, the event would not only help the ministry, but it would also help his career and ensure his family would be able to hold the Snape house name, something that had been nothing but trash since before the rise of Voldemort. He felt the gold ring he wore on his middle finger begin to heat and his stomach gave an unsettling grip.

The Potions Master whispered into the ring. "What is it?" He walked to the door, closed it and locked the latch. He was glad his wife didn't see what he was doing. She would likely be upset with him.

"This is Wax, I found some information of a plan for an attack similar to the one on Andrew Mathews. No known target, I will inform you of more when I find some."

Severus grunted out, "Alright, don't dig too deep, we are not able to help a someone at this time."

There was a moment of silence. "Sir?"

"Yes?"

"... Is it true Harry Potter went insane?" Severus barked out a dark laugh. The man on the other side of the ring sighed. The laugh relieved him. "Just asking sir." Just as the ring cooled again, the heat returned and Severus took a moment to look at it. More than one report a month was rare, to have two in a single day worried him.

"This is Hoat. We have movement in Spain sir. Several contingents of Aurors from Dalton's faction are gathering. They are getting ready to portkey. I don't have any details, but there are four Auror battalions... They just portkeyed. I do not know their destination."

"Your job is done there, go ahead and get out." The ring cooled only to heat again. Severus found his neck sweating. He quickly started to get similar information from the northern alliance.

When the ring was no longer heated Severus stood in the bathroom thinking to himself. He jerked his head. "Severus Love? Are you alright in there?"

Severus felt his neck sweat and looked at the door. "I am almost ready Samantha; just give me a few more minutes." His wife walked away giving him a fading, "Alright." Severus sighed.

The ring heated again and Severus began to speak to the latest of his spies grimly. The news was the worst so far. "I got it. Just keep me informed every fifteen minutes. If it looks like it's too dangerous, get out of there." The Raider lowered his ring and rubbed his head. All of his contacts were reporting movement of official policing wizards in half a dozen countries relocating their forces to three different capitols.

Another signal from his ring showed him someone else. "This is Wane. There has been major movement within the last seven minutes. Wizards are gathering in three different capitols. There are three armies easily over a thousand wizards in France alone."

Severus closed his eyes and swore to himself. "Do you have information to what their targets and plans for attack will be." He had no delusions that the armies were going to any destination other than Britain.

"None. Severus, I am over my head here. I plan to leave in a few hours. They are searching their offices for spies soon."

"If you have to go, then leave. Try and report anything you can find."

The ring cooled and the sallow man looked at it not sure how to respond to this new information. Severus was beginning to worry about one of his contacts, Crest should have been the first to contact him. Just as Severus reached for the door his ring burned again. Snape raised his hand quickly to answer.

“Severus,”

“Crest what happened?”

“It’s good to hear you friend. I was very lucky. My whole operation is compromised. I had to abandon the position. They are gathering in Clavis. The place is a gigantic rally. There is more than a single army there; there are hundreds, even thousands of wizards. The city is a base. They plan on occupying Britain in one sweep. Someone boasted in their rallying speech they had formed an army that will have two Aurors for every man, woman and child in all of Britain.”

“You are welcome to stay in the safe house or to move to one of the other houses if you felt that one is unsecured. Others have been reporting in before you. But you have given me the most information. Thank you my friend.”

“Think nothing of it.” The voice went silent and the ring cooled.

Severus walked into the next room and slid into his best robes. He looked over to his wife and smiled. The Snape rarely made time for anything other than his family, and the speech today was supposed to be one of those things he could not avoid even if he wanted to. But seeing his wife, he was sorely tempted to just take her some place safe. Severus walked behind Samantha and placed his hands around his wife. His mouth spoke into her neck. “Are you almost ready?” His baritone voice made her shiver.

She smiled sweetly at him. “Almost, we are just waiting for the sitter.”

Severus nodded and looked to their daughter who was playing with her toys. “When the sitter arrives I need to quickly speak to Hermione. Can you please wait here for my return?” Samantha looked at him and drew in a breath of air. She knew the look he was giving her. She could only nod and hugged him tightly. Severus held her before going to his daughter. “Hello Gwen sweetie, are you going to miss daddy?” He squatted to the floor and his daughter giggled excitedly. She never had many chances to play with her father alone.

Severus gave a wide smile to his daughter. ...two aurors for every man, woman and child... Snapes' smile faltered for a moment before it was firmly set in place. The other Raiders were not in any kind of condition to fight. He gripped his hand. Severus' hand still shook from the memory of fighting Harry's summon. He knew he was still recovering.

"Daddy, can you help me put this together?" Severus looked at the thirty piece puzzle and nodded.

-O-

The cell was still too luxurious for him, but he was grateful for the solitude the prison gave him. During his life as a wizard, he always felt suffocated with the number of students who walked the halls, the crowded common rooms and the student's endless chatter that was constantly in the back of his mind. But in this prison, it was complete silence. Mathew could hear nothing but his own breathing. At times when he knew he was able to be free without the worry of his own powers, he could even hear his heart.

Mathew smiled to himself. At the moment there was a steady rhythm. Mathew let his mind wander and found himself looking at his emotions. He seldom had a chance to reflect on himself and knew that it was one of the more important lessons that his many teachers had taught him.

A councilor told him that he should share his anxieties with someone when he first had problems with his mind's eye. He had tried many times with Alice, and later with Owen. However it never felt right to tell them. Even when he spoke to Professor Potter, he still felt that he had to hold back. Sharing his fears and dreams with the woman he chose as his teacher gave him a peace he had not felt in a long time.

Mathew told Cyan once that he hated the burden his mind gave him. He even told her his greatest fear that his sight would be truly useless. Mathew inhaled. He felt he needed to do this reflection and it was his instincts that urged him to open his mind to the visions he had been trying to ignore.

Mathew Andrews closed his eyes trying to gain a semblance of control over himself. Images passed through his mind, and his head ached from the flashes. His eyes furrowed and he winced from the sharp flash of seven images overlapping each other. Mathew concentrated on breathing. The images that seemed impossible blinked through his mind. He forced himself not to think on the snapshots. He let them happen. 1, 2, 3, Inhale, 1, 2, 3, Exhale... Mathew tried to think of a way to keep the slow tempo when the images went faster than his breathing. Images of himself standing on a pedestal danced through his mind along with a black fog that he had been running from.

Mathew suddenly gasped. He opened his eyes and saw a village. Hundreds of wizards stormed through the streets. His eyes turned white and he could hear cries. They threatened to drown him and he could no longer let them happen. He felt he needed to fight the sounds. Mathew shook when seconds of futures washed over him. He felt several people at that moment that could change everything, yet did not.

The pain encased his body, and he could only hear his panting. He swallowed and looked up from the ground. "It's too much..." He said while clenching his head. The visions were getting stronger. "There's too much..." He groaned out. The door to his room opened and two Aurors ran in and pulled him to his bed. Mathew Andrews started shivering and his face was pale. He panted more and no longer saw the room or the Aurors, his eyes were devoted to the visions his latent gift fed him.

"Get me a healer now!" One of the Aurors shouted to the door. Mathew heard steps run down the corridor and shouts to the main office. A shadow of an Auror looked over him. "Hang on kid."

The two Aurors lifted his sheets and covered him. The boy shook convulsively before he mercifully passed out.

Three Aurors walked in with a healer and the lone prisoner on the cell block. Cyan's neck jingled from the chain that latched to a collar around her neck and to cuffs around her feet and wrists binding behind her back. "May I ask what has happened Auror Noren?" The

woman gazed steadily at the boy who was laying unconscious in his bed. The man growled out what they heard. Cyan nodded solemnly. "I need to speak to the Minister, can you see that she arrives at her earliest convenience?" The Aurors didn't know what to make of the request.

Auror Noren stood away from Mathew's bed and nodded. "I'll see the request is carried out. Will you please return to your cell Miss Catton."

Cyan nodded silently. She left for the door and stopped. "Can you please inform me when he awakes if it is before the Minister's arrival?" Her voice held a motherly concern. The Auror's eyes softened and he nodded.

-0-

Harry awoke to the sound of snoring. He turned his head and realized he was no longer in the hospital wing. His muddled mind filtered the past three days in a blur. The memory of the 'condition' made him think of the Slytherin Heir. Harry shuddered at Tom's glare then, and his memory of their parting words still gave him pause. "The line may die with me, but Slytherins' ambition will never be forgotten." Harry felt Voldemort's voice crawl along his skin.

Harry sighed to himself and something next to him stirred. He raised his head and looked down next to his legs and saw some one there and almost held a laugh that finally broke out after a few moments of vain struggling. Alice laid at the foot of his bed. She was curled up in a ball. Next to her was a silver cat that was at the moment half her size. They both snugly wedged Harry's legs into one spot. Harry took in his surroundings and realized he was at his house now. Dumbledore had said that a few things had gone wrong in the world since the seal broke. He closed his eyes and leaned back into his bed. His mind began to wander and these thoughts went to Susan. He suddenly saw her sitting talking with someone. He could not say with whom as the vision was just of her talking animatedly. He smiled when she laughed and slowly fell back asleep. His mind was assured. Whatever anxiety woke Harry relaxed enough to allow him to return to a dreamless sleep.

The next time Harry awoke, he saw several people surround his bed and looked at them until his eyes focused against the bright light. It must have been morning with the sunlight that was pouring into Susan's and his room. It had only windows facing east. Harry simply cleared his throat and they snapped out of what ever reverie they had all been in while he was slowly coming to his senses.

"Sorry to wake you up but we really need to fill you in on what's been going on."

Harry slowly nodded thinking of the past few days again. "Someone attacked me and Alice." He paused a minute before he said. "No one cares right? They just want to see why Harry Potter went on a rampage?"

Susan walked into the room and glared at the people in the room already. Among them were Order members who had watched over Harry when he was young. Harry was beginning to start his apologies to everyone before Susan said, "Not a word Harry. We know. And since everything happened, the whole world knows really." Harry lost all traces of his drowsiness and looked at everyone. Susan sighed uneasily. "It had to be done Harry. Hermione was getting killed by the foreign press for not letting anyone come into the country for aid. Well, that is the argument."

Harry nodded in understanding. "Is it still over me now? Or did something else happen?"

"Just read this." Harry picked up the article and chuckled lightly at Hermione's openness.

"How are the islands taking this?"

Remus grinned at the young man before saying, "Hermione's a hero. She made herself so open to public ridicule that many were moved. It was political suicide for her to do it and she trusted the people with her fate."

Harry gave a resigned glance to the group surrounding his bed. He looked at his wife who sat next to him and held his hand. She shook

her head to his unasked question, "No, no one else was humored by the degree of disclosure over everything. Several countries are bound by treaties with The Confederation, The Democracy of Poland and The Eastern lands. Everyone wants to both know who attacked Britain and don't want it to be known since they would be guilty by association if indeed it was one of their allies."

Harry nodded and stood. "What is today? How long have I been out?" His leg almost gave out from under him but he immediately felt his magic reinforce his unused muscles.

"Three days. The people of the Islands have unanimously agreed to back Hermione." Someone on his left chirped.

Harry shuddered at the number of days he had been asleep but nodded. He cleared his bed and his head reeled from the sudden movement. Harry remembered there were quite a few people in his room and was glad he had been wearing some cloths. "Everyone out. I need to change." The few Order members looked as if they wanted to speak but Susan pushed them out and closed the door to turn back to her husband. Harry threw away his shirt he had been taking off. Susan and Harry immediately embraced and kissed each other. "I am sorry." He managed to say while holding her. She nodded against his shoulder.

"I am just glad I have you back." Harry squeezed her and smelled her hair before kissing her forehead. He stepped back to the closet. Harry was silent for a few seconds then pulled out a black and brown robe.

"I think I need to speak to the press. Hopefully seeing me sane will help some calm down, or at least make them think twice about anything." Susan nodded and gave him one more hug before letting the man head towards the shower. Harry ran a hand through her hair then went into the bathroom and stripped the last of his clothes and stepped into the shower.

Harry stood under the hot water and kept his eyes closed. So many things happened in less than a week and his mind was reeling while also trying to keep up. He let out a soft moan of agony at it all. Even with the curse gone, there were still work he had to do and problems

to resolve before he could live his life. Harry let a curve of a smile touch his lips. He had no more curse to weigh him down. He had Susan with him and a loving daughter to support him.

Harry heard the door knob to the bathroom turn. Susan entered the bathroom a moment later as Harry stood in the water. He heard some rustling before the curtain to the shower was pulled aside and she entered to shower with him. They quietly held each other and let the water hit them. Neither one wanted to let go of the others' touch. All of the careful distance Harry placed between them for years disappeared. The tension Susan felt Harry shoulder for years was remarkably absent. She sighed happily and leaned against him. Each moved their hands to just feel the other. Both acquainted themselves with the person they knew and loved and reacquaint themselves with the carefree couple they had been months before Harry killed Voldemort.

-0-

Draco scowled at the assistant and walked through the door before the woman could announce him. He had enough problems as it was without his employers' bureaucracy. He marched into his employers office and stood in front of the older mans' desk. The employer was dressed in his Ministerial robes, a sign he was going to play into his role for the next phase of his plan. He waved for the assistant to be quiet and the assistant left, closing the doors behind him. The Minister himself finished speaking to a person on the phone and hung up.

Draco hated muggle cities, and the fact his employer works most of his businesses from a muggle office building made him shudder. Draco cleared his throat before starting. "Harry Potter has awoken. It looks as if he will be present for the plan. I advise against continuing this. I told you before, we should have started yesterday. This plan for waiting until a public display is going to cost you."

"Potter is of no consequence. We have our backing now that he is considered mad and dangerous. Is everything ready?"

The mercenary sneered at the man. He pulled a scroll and opened it. He handed the report. The man clucked his tongue not liking the information. The volunteers were there in numbers, but it was not promising for the scale he was expecting. The man looked at Draco and placed down the scroll. Had Malfoy expected this to answer his questions?

"We have four hours to prepare. So I ask again, are we ready?" The man let go of his cigar and breathed the smoke through his nose.

"We have enough support. When we go public, we will openly be supported by all sides. The Ministry of Britain was right when they said repeatedly they stand alone." The blonde haired man pulled tight his blue robes and bowed to his employer before leaving. He snorted to himself. This is going to end in disaster old man.

-O-

Alice and Angela apparated into the back yard. The two sprinted into the house after reading the headlines at Owens' house. They rounded the kitchen and hit walls while trying to clear a around a sharp corner and plowed into someone. "Sorry!" Alice said. Angela just mmff'ed when she ran into Alice's back. Alice recognized the chuckle and looked up. "DAD!" She squealed before hugging her father.

"Sorry Professor." Angela murmured before hitting her friend with the daily prophet. "I told you to slow down!" The woman looked at her former professor and reddened when she handed the Daily Prophet to the green eyed man. "Here, we wanted to give this to Madame Potter but I am glad to see you are up and around." She didn't meet his eyes and she looked very shy all of the sudden.

Harry smiled but took the prophet. He read the Prophet and nodded. "Thank you." Harry smiled at the two girls and they began to follow him as he walked into the parlor. Harry stopped and handed them some tea before sitting. He looked at the two women and finally asked a question that he had been curious for a while now. "How did you all find me? None of you had ever been to Gates, and I know Susan did not know its location either."

"Is that what it was called?" Angela asked suddenly.

"Yeah, the temple is called the Gates of Hell. It was an altar and gate to castle where very strong dark wizard is laid to rest." Angela thought on the information.

Alice grinned at her father. She thought it was funny now that everything was alright but at the time when they were looking for her father it was scary. "When you and that Longbottom Auror started to fight, we were in the middle of trying to find out how to find you. We all then just stopped and looked to the south. We could all feel the magic that was being molded." Harry grimaced. Alice poked her father with her elbow before finishing her tea. "But it wasn't just us. People who did not know sight could feel the power you were radiating. It really did scare a lot of people."

Harry stayed silent and tried to remember what he did during the fight. He remembered exactly what he was thinking at the time and nodded slowly. It now made a little more sense why so many people were panicking and focusing on him. He would probably feel the same fear if one man could produce so much magic and have it be felt from thousands of miles away.

"Thank you for telling me. It's not something I get to hear much of."

"What?" Angela asked, rejoining the conversation.

"Gossip and rumors. I hear some. But the ones about me are the rumors that I will not likely hear. A lot of people know not to talk to me when my back was turned, but that doesn't stop them from doing it."

Alice shook her head sadly. It was the truth of the matter.

Harry stood and started walking towards the stair case going down. He saw Angela's apologetic look. "Is there something wrong Miss Kee?"

Angela lowered her head feeling like a student again. She shuffled her feet a moment. "Well I did want to.. ehem- apologize. For you

know..." Harry looked at her with a slight frown of confusion. Angela spoke in a depressed voice. "Sorry I cursed your muscles to rot."

Harry looked at her. He saw her cheeks turn crimson when he kept staring at her. It suddenly dawned on him that there might be more to her guilt than just her injuring him. The glance her eyes gave him before quickly veering off made him laugh slowly. He grinned at her. "Is that why my legs don't want to hold me up?" She turned pale. She started to feel something sting her eyes. She opened her mouth to apologize again but was stopped when her old teacher laughed louder. Harry patted Angela's shoulder. She lowered her head again unsure what she felt. Harry saw the guilt in her and squeezed her shoulder with his hand. She looked up at him and he said to her evenly. "It's fine. I am proud I could count on you to help me, even when it could hurt you." Harry walked down the steps to the lower level. "I could never begin to show you and the others how grateful I am."

Angela's mouth tried to produce a sound and only a faint utter managed to escape. Alice smiled at her friend. Angela grinned widely like a young teenager instead of the adult she appeared to be. She dazedly grabbed Alice's collar and shouted. "Ok! Thanks! Lets go Alice!" Angela rushed out of the hall and out the front door.

Harry laughed at the near run the young woman took in leaving. "That was very sweet of you Harry."

Harry did not bother turning to his wife. "It is only the truth. They had every right to be angry, even hate me for placing that kind of power and faith in them. Instead every single man and woman stood up and came to the worlds' aid when it looked like it was in danger. Although I was surprised with how little work it was to have them not kill me when I begged Dent and Johnson to." Harry looked to his wife who put her arms around him and kissed him. When they broke he handed her the news paper.

"We will have our chance to speak to the public today." She tossed the news paper on the table and helped her husband with preparing their breakfast. The newspaper laid on the table and the headliner read Minister Weasley to Address the Nation This Afternoon.

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Severus walked through the Ministry entrance and ignored the guards. Three young security officers called him to stop, but were shocked that several Aurors stopped them. The leading Security officer looked at the Aurors suspiciously, but the black man shook his head. Several Aurors nodded to Snape as he passed through another security check point to the elevators. Severus inclined his head to them.

Severus took off his gloves while walking towards the secretary's desk of the Ministers' office. "Is Minister Weasley available?"

Dawn looked at the pale man and opened the door for him and quickly closed it when the Minister saw him. Surprise etched on her face. "Snape how are you?" Hermione stood from her chair and walked to the man giving him a firm hand shake.

"I am fine for the moment, but we have a problem." Hermione looked at him before motioning him to sit. Severus took his seat and leaned forward. He said behind folded hands, "The spies for the Raiders have discovered that there is movement of hundreds of Aurors around Europe gathering in several cities."

Hermione looked at him. "Do you expect them to invade?"

Severus smirked. "Yes, but this is far beyond the numbers the British Aurors can handle. And there are only four Raiders who are prepared to fight."

"Do you have any suggestions?"

Severus looked down and sighed. His head snapped up and looked her in the eye. "Evacuation."

She stood up from her chair and loomed over her desk. "You can't be serious?" Hermione stared at the man in shock.

"Just evacuate the cities that will be likely to be targeted for occupation. You can send them anywhere else, small suburbs, safe

houses, anywhere. But as long as the cities are not held hostage, we can fight against this.” Severus stood from his and looked back at the Minister.

“How many people are you expecting Severus?” Hermione looked away from the man. Her heart raced at the information.

“Easily thirty wizards to one of our Aurors.”

“I will need to think on this, but in the mean time, I will send a few Aurors to each town to look around.” Hermione went to a wall and pressed an orb to notify the Aurors to gather.

Snape shook his head. “It’s not enough Hermione, you know these people.” Severus looked out the window to the town below them. Muggles walked in front of the building, but several people walked by in oddly dressed clothes. Severus and Hermione knew they were wizards. Severus never left the group of wizards that left the Ministry. “ They will not fight. If they are going to choose between what is hard and easy, they will choose the easy way. They will surrender. All of your victories will be worthless if you have no country to govern.”

“I will think on it Severus, but I can’t have people flee from something that will lead to a down right collapse of nation. That is what that evacuation will mean, that I am not going to fight.”

Severus looked at her sadly but nodded. “I’ll be at your side during your speech today. I still have a few hours. So I will see what I can do with the time until they invade. I hope you know what you are doing Minister.”

Hermione flinched at his condescending tone. He was not pleased with her. His robes cracked at the sharp turn he made when he strode out of her office. The door closed soundlessly behind him. Hermione sat at her desk. The act of war was considered such an outlandish idea after the fall of Voldemort. There were no dark lords causing havoc. She looked out her window and felt her mind still asking the question that has plagued her since the beginning of the attacks that happened a week ago. Why was everyone still fighting?

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Hermione stood at the base of Bakan Prison just as dawn reached the island. In all honesty the palace turned prison had always impressed her and the irony of its new use gave her a small smile. It was the first time that the woman housed here had ever requested her audience. Cyan had always simply waited for Hermione to arrive before giving any information she had found. Unable to deny the woman a first time request, Hermione entered the spoke and wheel like halls that held a single cell per spoke. The Minister nodded to the Auror on duty and the one standing guard in front of Cyan's cell was flanked by another who was the young boys escort. "Are they both inside?" She asked surprised. She had only heard of the two working together and approved of supervised instructing, if the boy truly felt he could learn something from her, Hermione gave her blessing to the boy. God knows that Hermione learned much from the woman's lectures.

The Auror nodded.

"How long have they been speaking?"

The second Auror said while looking through the glass door, "Two hours. I was about ready to return Mr. Andrews to his room to let him rest, but thought you should speak to them both first."

Hermione nodded. Her unasked question was answered when the guard to Cyans' cell said, "They are discussing something Mathew had seen." He opened the door and she walked in. The door sealed behind her and she walked to the center of the room and joined the two at the table. Mathew looked downcast and did not greet the Minister.

"You asked to speak with me Cyan?"

Cyan turned and nodded her head to go to the kitchen. They both entered and Hermione leaned her back against the counter. Cyan looked at the minister and blinked her eyes. "We have a problem." Her tone was serious.

“What is it?” Hermione took her Minister persona and listened attentively.

“Mathew told me that the prophecy concerning Harry disappeared from his visions, so it was fulfilled. He is alive correct?”

Hermione smiled and nodded. “I did not expect it to end as well as it did.”

Cyan smiled back then looked to the boy who had his head lying against the table. “Mathew is seeing more and more of his prophecies everyday. It is disturbing him because he is seeing too many possibilities. He has seen paths where he see’s his death, my death, a path where he is free and so on.”

Hermione shook her head in confusion. “I don’t understand, Mathew is no longer seeing prophecies but possible futures?”

Cyan nodded. She looked over to the boy who couldn’t hear the conversation. “Its killing him slowly, his mind is wearing itself out. I think it is a natural progression, but his ability is developing too fast for him to cope. If he doesn’t slow down he could kill himself accidentally or on purpose just to make it stop.”

Hermione looked at the boy. He was gripping his head and rested his elbows on the table. “What can I do?”

“Not much, but I think what ever decisions you are going to make, you need to commit to them. He is seeing diverging paths because there is no commitment to the possible futures.”

Hermione nodded and knew she would keep this in mind. Almost immediately Mathew gasped slightly in relief. Hermione looked up. Surprise was showing on her face. She looked to Cyan who nodded. “I will do my best in the coming weeks. Keep me posted with his progress. Was there anything you needed to speak with me about?”

Cyan thought for a moment. “Just advice. Britain will die for you. They will support you through everything. Don’t let them become a mob.”

Hermione nodded at the advice. Harry had called the people of Britain a mob many times when they were in school. It was odd to hear the word so long after Harry had explained his definition of mob. A mob, my friends, is a mass of people who are scared and with no thinking, doom all those around them by their panic. The world right now is just a mob. A bunch of fools... Hermione snapped out of the memory.

She thanked Cyan and walked to Mathew. "Are you feeling better Mathew?"

Mathew wordlessly nodded. Hermione sat with him a few more moments. He sat there unsure of something and struggled several times to speak only to have his voice fail him. The Minister left and there were no other words spoken. When Hermione walked out and the door was closing she heard him mutter faintly, "Thank you."

The door closed completely and the elaborate lock shut into place. Hermione sighed thinking of what she had just committed herself to. Evacuation. She felt she made a decision one way or the other before, but now she knew she made a decision. She would speak to her Aurors when she returned.

Hermione then thought of the coming press release. She had been thinking of several ideas on how she wanted to give her speech, but when she said thought of committing herself, she immediately thought of Harry and her faith in him. Hermione knew immediately that she had to speak to Harry that night. There was no going back against her words now. She would face the Wizengamot on their own playing field. Her old stopping grounds.

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The cell room was quiet for a long time before Mathew muttered out, "I am sorry, I couldn't tell her."

Cyan shook her head. "If it did not feel right to inform her, don't doubt your instincts. She will be fine. And so will the rest of them. I heard all of them can take care of themselves."

Mathew nodded. "It doesn't hurt as much now..." He laughed and smiled at Cyan. "I still feel it. Like the whole world is waiting for me to speak..." Mathew hugged himself.

Cyan sat across from him and leaned onto her elbows, matching her student. "It is your job to speak to the world when you are ready Mathew. When ever that is won't matter when the time comes."

"Can I make a difference? Will they listen when I tell them what I see? I am just a boy." Mathew shook. He hated feeling this way, completely useless and scared. He saw his death in horrid ways in his visions. They only got worse when he saw Alice' and her family die, when he saw her future children die and when his own family would die. Mathew closed his eyes and felt the sting of tears brush against his cheeks. "It's too much Cyan. I can't handle this." Mathews head was hammering. The images burned into his mind and each flash of a moment felt like a blow to his body.

Cyan walked around the table and gave the boy a gentle hug. "I don't know if it will all pass or not, but I know you can live through it, because there have been others who have. Humans are still animals Mathew. And all animals are guided by instincts. When the time comes for you to act on those instincts you will be at the right time and place and you will have no doubts. You won't miss a thing. You will know that all the suffering you are enduring was worth it.

Mathew nodded but did not feel that was comforting at the moment.

-0-

Draco believed in himself as a self made man. He had been born into power and prestige only to renounce that power and even his family. No Malfoy should be ruled. It was an argument he had many times with his mother even when his own father was a servant and never spoke to his son. It broke his heart when he dear mother disowned him for public act of defiance. Since then Draco had been known only as Draco. He had no surname. He rarely allowed any one to call him Malfoy as it reminded him of his father and the man's weak spirit and penchant for servitude. It was with great irony, that now Draco lived his life in servitude for money. He hated his current employer who

insisted on calling the man Malfoy. The man said many times purebloods can not denounce their name.

It was this man, Draco, or to his employer Malfoy, who apparated into the square and brushed off his blue cloak. It fell to the ground where it disappeared. No doubt a House elf picked it up to put it away. Draco walked inside quickly and saw a dozen men and women standing at attention. Draco slowed to a halt. He looked at the group. They were disgruntled. Draco smirked, he knew they were angry that he, a mercenary, was in charge instead of one of them or one of their Ministers.

"I expect every one of you to follow my orders." His silky voice echoed the halls. He looked each commander in the eye. "If you have and problems that will affect your performance, speak now."

"I can not accept this man to be held in charge of us!" Draco's eyes trained onto the woman who spoke first.

"And you are?"

The woman said clearly. "I am Henrietta Bartel head commander of the Italian division."

Draco walked up to her and stared her in the eye. She returned his passive look with a fierce glare. "I have heard of you Draco Malfoy. You were a death eater who denounced your master and left. No fighting back. Just left like a coward. Why should I follow a man who ran away from his own war?"

Draco looked at the woman. He turned away and walked in front of the other commanders and said "First, I am no longer a Malfoy. Second, I had no choice in leaving. In leaving I was repaying a debt to the person who saved my life. Thirdly..." Draco stopped in front of the woman Henrietta and looked at the older woman with an intense gaze. "Your own doubts about this exercise should not be broadcasted so loudly." Draco raised his wand at her with a simple flick and she collapsed to the floor.

“Find someone from her division to take her place. We have no room for doubts here. We are about to overthrow the largest government in the world. Any one who doubts this operation could ensure that we loose.” Draco nodded to the men before turning and leaving. He spoke to the commanders as a leader should. “I will lead my detachment to the largest city, Godrics Hollow.”

Draco left the building to meet his own contingent. We may have numbers, but we do not have conviction. This take over may be successful, but it will destroy Britain as it is. There is no point to this. There will eventually be an uprising and a harsh backlash. Draco passed through the court yard and apparated to Clavis’ memorial. His men stood in files and columns.

They cheered at him walking in front of him. Draco saw the men and knew that even if these were seasoned Aurors, they were still a mob. And a mob is still just a mob, isn’t that right Harry?

-O-

“Hello Mrs. Snape, it is good to see you.” The man said. His wide smile and brown messy hair instantly relaxed the woman.

“It is good to see you too, Severus has talked much about you Mr. Dursley.”

“My name is James.” Susan walked up to her husband and latched her arm to his. Her illusioned black hair and brown eyes smiled at Snapes’ wife.

“I am sorry Mrs. Snape, but Severus wants to talk to us.” She waved in departure and dragged a laughing Harry away. “Honestly Harry, do you need to play around like this?”

“Susan, do you know how nice it is to be completely anonymous?”

She sighed. She did understand now. The two had decided to disguise themselves until Hermione showed. It would do no good to have ‘Psychotic Harry’, show up. “Yes I do crazy man, but don’t play

around with people you know. She is going to be angry at you when she finds out that you were masquerading as a nobody.”

Harry smiled. “All apart of the cover love,” Harry leaned forward to kiss her cheek and found his wife’s head turned to kiss him on the lips.

The two walked towards the entrance where older man stood. Severus was leaning against the wall near the entrance to the hallway. His face was pained from the amount of noise in the building.

The couple nodded to Severus. Severus looked right into Harry’s eye and Harry’s brow went from relaxed to concentrating. Susan looked at both of them then back towards Severus wife who was farther down the auditorium. She gave an inward sigh when she realized what Harry and Severus were about to do and she would have no one to converse with. Susan hated being excluded from conversations.

Severus tried to smile. “I need some baby sitting advice.” I have lost contact with my spy network.

Harry’s smile instantly faded. “You know we haven’t been able to have any children of our own, why ask us?” What happened Severus. Harry legilimened back to him.

Severus took a step forward and grunted out. “I know, but you have several friends who are at the age where they have at least one brat.” I lost contact with three key spies two hours ago. They were reporting on a large movement on three different countries. At the time, I was receiving reports every fifteen minutes.

“I guess I could ask around, my neighbors do have a few kids who could do it...” What countries?

“Thanks James, I really need to have someone watch over my daughter for our anniversary.” Frisland, France, and the Baltic Alliance.

Harry nodded and smiled, "I'll try and get you one before next week." Frisland? That is barely considered a country, why are they in? Harry thought about the country just south of Britain a few hundred miles off the coast of France. The country was actually four islands, each the size of London with seven small cities, a few actually made of gold. The entire country has the largest enchantments in the world placed on them, allowing only the natives to find their ancestral home. They were considered the highest concentration of magic folk in the world and accepted many political refugees. Their high reliance on other countries to support them left them with little power. They would most likely finance any kind of military operation. Why would they aid in targeting us? Harry smirked inwardly. He knew why so many people were gathering.

Severus sighed in relief. "Thanks James, I appreciate the help." Like the rest, they are scared. But I think you being on a rampage had something to do with it. If you recall, they likely know who caused the destruction of Clavis, and that city was as large as all of their islands. Harry raised an eyebrow. He had never thought of the area that spell could cover. The first time he had performed the ender spell Magnum Opus, he had lost control. It was an accident. If my network was just taken down, then they were waiting until they were ready to move before attacking my spies. My best guess is they will attack within the next day.

Harry nodded and smiled. "So when do you think Minister Granger will arrive? I was told this speech is going to be the high point of her career. It has been unanimous that she remain in office." Does Hermione know?

"I am not sure, the press was hounding the gate before they were allowed inside. I think she would have gone around when she arrived. Would you like to come with me to greet her?" Yes. Harry... The force size that I think may be mobilizing is enough to occupy all fourteen wizarding towns in Britain. That is at least two thousand people preparing to invade.

"It would be my pleasure." He grimaced and Susan looked between the two of them dubiously. Are there anyone who is able to fight besides you and me? Severus raised his hand and showed three

fingers. Harry nodded. Have the Raiders who are able to fight designate between three of the defendable cities. I'll see what I can do with the Aurors.

They started walking in silence with Susan lip pouting at both Severus and Harry. Severus smirked at Susan's disguise. When Hermione gets here, I will give her an update, I have spoken to her a few hours ago. This invasion could happen when she starts her speech. I don't think many of the Wizengamot would appreciate their pressure to fail them when she is openly defying the nations of the world.

Harry held his hand out to his wife who took it. The three walked in silence. When they passed the press stands, Harry stopped walking and looked at his friend. "Don't take any unnecessary risks."

Severus merely grunted and the three met up with Severus's wife. Not a word was spoken before there were screams from the outer doors.

- - - End Chapter 8 Unsettled - - -

A/N: heh, i look at the last update for this story and feel very ashamed. August. Ug, well what I have tried for this story didn't really flop, but it was not a success either as I update this with only one chapter done instead of the complete Part 2. This semester was an odd mix of hell, and twists of fate. Dead week is next week then finals. I should have the next chapter up before december, and the story finished by jan. er- I hope so atleast. Thank you all for the reviews, and the patience.

Draco stood on the highest peak over looking the valley and city of Godrics' Hallow. A wizard city was a sign of wealth. The few countries that could support one were easily recognized by their neighbors as a dominant part of their society. For the elite few countries like France and the Americans, they could support three cities the size of medium city. The muggle world may have the United States as a world power but in their world...

Draco sighed to himself. It was pointless think about the sheer force needed to take over such a large government. The city was cornered off in a modest valley and only accessible from three roads. Draco shifted his gaze to his men and pointed a finger towards the ends of the city. The silver blonde man had not visited this city before and was glad he could see the Gordric monument from his vantage point. Minister Granger had such success with the hard lined pure bloods with these cities. Godric's Hallow used to be a muggle town that had turned into a pure magical community. Draco remembered reading the name of the old town but had forgotten its original name. "Don't hurt the people, and if I see someone looting, there will be hell to pay!" That was welcomed by grumbling and a few relived looks from his lieutenants. There were a few muggle families, but they were related to the magical folk that dwelled there. The fact that the town was a wizarding city allowed the sight that he looked below him.

"Spread out to the corners of the city, at my orders, erect the shields." There were several pops following the order. Draco counted to ten before he raised his wand into the air. He lit out a long plume of blue sparks and he saw the sky shift color from a hazy blue to purple.

He had to give the mudblood credit where it was due. He looked over the suburb to his left. "Two thousand people, all wizards completely out in the open. Just ten years ago a thought of a magical city this large would be absurd and likely suicide." Draco glanced at the one building he knew was only seeable to people looking for it. He was glad he was still able to aparate within the ward, but thought he should tell his men to fix that. Aparating in front of the building, Draco ran into the tall glass house that reminded him of the herbology classroom at Hogwarts. The building was surprisingly empty. He finally found what he was looking for after going through several doors. Four clear orbs sat on four individual pedestals. Each had a

different sounding hum to them that harmonized with the others. Draco looked at them before he reached out and touched the closest crystal orb. These orbs were what made it possible for Magical Britain to flourish. That, and Grangers' city campaign. Draco pointed his wand at them and shielded them. "Better safe than sorry." He had seen what muggles had been capable of shortly after he left Britain and he was more intimidated from muggles now that he seen what their wars consisted of.

Draco stepped outside quickly and saw that his troops were already going door to door and placing letters for each citizen not to leave their houses. The less resistance the better. A woman ran up to the silver blonde and saluted. "Sir, we have sent out the messages, we are just waiting for your orders to sweep through the shopping district."

Draco looked at the slim woman who had been working under him. "Proceed." He saw her run off and he smirked. He started to follow her, almost hoping there would be some kind of resistance. Almost.

Draco looked over his shoulder to the blocks of houses behind him. Seven cities in five years. Yes you have to give the mudblood Granger credit.

Chapter 9 And your point?

Hermione Granger-Weasley finally rested in her chair and sighed. She hadn't seen Ron in almost two days and she knew she could not pry herself from this work load any time soon. The information Cyan and Mathew gave her was something that had been rolling in the back of her mind. She understood that making decisions were apart of her job, but those decisions rarely led to the level of commitment that Cyan implied. Passing a law committed the government to enforce it. Treaties signed with other countries committed the country to them, but Hermione never had given thought to personal commitment that she had agreed to inside that prison cell.

Hermione looked up and saw her aid. "We are ready for your address Minister. The Aurors are set up in Diagon amphitheater. The press

has been waiting and looks as if they are going to get restless soon.” Dawn smiled.

Hermione thought that a restless press was funny too. She took her cloak and nodded for Dawn to follow. The assistant walked into the Ministers office and waited for the Minister to lead. When they started walking towards the elevator Dawn said. “Remember Minister, when you give your speech people are afraid. Not about Harry Potter, nor about the attacks that lead to his um, bout of insanity. I think they seemed more worried about what the world would do if you were gone. The politicians know that if you are taken out of office there is no one who can lead the people as well as you. And those who would try are marked for their own bad decisions that led to their personal failures. The populace is afraid of open war. They may have been used to thinking of a threat from an evil lord, but not from their neighbors.”

Hermione was glad for the reminders Dawn gave her. It would ground her reasoning in something she felt was true even if Dawn tried to exaggerate. “But they know I have had several assassination attempts since I have been in office, why are they afraid if I leave? I could just have easily died.” Hermione sighed. She hated being a pessimist, but she knew she had to play her own devils advocate. No one else would.

“It more has to do with your choice in words from your address. Harry Potter left, and more people loved him as an example of what a good wizard is.” She looked over to the Minister. “You are seen in the same light. If you leave willingly, everyone will wonder what they are doing wrong to be among people like you and still manage to drive you away.”

Hermione gave a helpless sigh.

They left office and passed Dawn’s assistant desk when the building shook. Hermione closed her eyes and knew this would happen sooner or later. She looked over to Dawn. “Dawn, you can leave if you want to. This is not just another assassination attempt. I guess its going to be open war.”

"I have never left after the threats to your life or mine. I am not about to break that habit now. I won't leave you Hermione." Dawn pulled her wand and stood next to her boss.

Hermione smiled. "Thank you." The two walked carefully to the double doors and out to the stairs to the left of the hall. They saw nothing down the stairs and Hermione sighed when they made it to the bottom. "Stay behind me." Minister's assistant was about to protest before Hermione gave her a glare to rival McGonagal. Dawn cowed at the look and nodded.

Hermione opened the door and found a spell fight. She slid along the wall on her haunches and Dawn followed albeit uncomfortable in the position. Hermione found several Aurors. They tipped over the desks in the lobby and transfigured them into steel. The Aurors fired spells towards the entrance. Several bodies laid at the entrance and spells flew from outside towards the desks.

"What happened?" Hermione shouted over the noise of shattering rock and spells.

"There are about two hundred wizards at the door forcing their way in. They broke the wards and that's what warned us. The shake we felt from the building was from the wards when collapsed. They are bottle necked at the this entrance."

"Did all of the civilians evacuate in time?" Hermione shouted back.

"Yes, but you are still here."

Hermione looked at the half dozen Aurors who were leaning against the wall behind her. "Shacklebot, get several Aurors to escort the injured to my office." The man barked out orders and six injured Aurors were being levitated carefully to the back stairs. Hermione looked at the thirty other Aurors who had stopped casting a moment to look at her.

"The rest of you need to leave. If they are attacking here, then the invasion has started. Every single town is going to be under attack."

The men paled, by the information Hermione gave them or from the order Hermione shouted, she did not know. Hermione looked at their Hesitation. "Now! The wards in my office can hold off this kind of invasion for a long time. You need to see to our people." The men began to tug on their portkeys to leave the building, but several gave her a look begging them to stay. "Be safe, and take care of my people." They nodded and aparated.

"Dawn I want you to go too, there isn't anything you can do here." Hermione took something out of her pocket to reveal a gold Galleon. "This portkey will send you to my private office at my home. From there you can see if the towns are under attack. There are already instructions on what you need to do."

"But Hermione!." The wizards were already slowly walking in even as Hermione short hexes into the entrance.

"Go Dawn! I will go back with the other Aurors, I can't hold them here." The younger woman reluctantly took the portkey and felt her body tugged into it. When her assistant was gone, Hermione muttered. "Stay safe girl."

Hermione turned to the door and screamed loudly while casting as many hexes as she knew. Several people already pooling into the entrance fell to the ground. Hermione waved her hand quickly using her left hand to help the incantation. When she stopped she was relived to see that the blue robed wizards could not throw curses at her. She was also glad they had not been able to get beyond it. Hermione cast the sonorous spell to her throat. "This will be your only chance. Surrender or be annihilated." Her eyes stared at the men on the other side of the barrier.

Privately Hermione was chuckling at her bluff.

-o-

Dawn stumbled into the large round room. Desks lined the walls with only a single door that allowed entrance to it. She dropped the galleon and ran to one of the tables and looked through notes that were on largest one and saw a tablet with instructions Hermione left

for her. Dawn's gaze lowered realizing that Hermione had planned for this. The note was addressed to her.

Dawn scanned the note and glance around the room and found what she was looking for. The book case she ran to already opened for her. Several vials and spheres of glass were lined inside. She found the color she was looking for and grabbed it. She uncorked it and poured it over the pearl like sphere. The Sphere turned to glass and began to glow red. "The signal has been sent." Seven spheres began to glow and each turned clear revealing a small miniature city with in them.

Dawn sighed before doing the last thing she read on the note. She walked up to the door and pointed her wand at it. "Lock." The door turned to steel and melded with the wall. Dawn swallowed before turning back to the book shelf and looked into different spheres. Each one had a model of the cities complete with miniatures of the soldiers who lined the streets. "Good luck everyone."

-O-

Harry ran out of the building to see the sky change to purple. His eyes shifted a moment and his mental eye saw what looked like an anti apparation magic weave through the sky. A single man stood in front of a line of wizards in blue robes. He raised his wand and a large yellow plume of light burst from his wand. Many people who were already scared of what was going on turned to him. "This is an occupation." Several people gasped while others screamed. The Army that had surrounded the city started escorting people out of every building. "Please drop your wands and evacuate to the streets. We are under orders to Arrest Minister Hermione Weasley and Harry Potter." Harry glanced but already knew there were a hundred wizards on roofs and lining the streets to cut people off from fleeing.

Many people started to head back into the building while others started to comply too nervous to rebel. Severus grabbed Harry's shoulder and pulled him back inside the building. "We have to do something Potter." Severus whispered into the younger mans ear.

Harry looked at Snape's wife and sighed. She looked as nervous as the others. "There is only one thing we can do right now." Harry

looked at his wife. He was thankful they were both still in disguise. It would make things easier. Harry marched out the front door while others started to stop him. "I give up." He raised his hands in surrender and his wife followed him. Susan almost chuckled when she heard the potions master swear. Harry was thankful many people gave up as easily. He knew people were easily cowed. Show them an easy out, and they will choose it every time.

When Harry and Susan were out into the streets, many more people from other buildings started to walk out as well with their hands in surrender. Harry lowered his hands when people were herded into sections of the streets that were lined with blue robed wizards. He saw that people were gratefully giving up without a fight and he snorted. "Give them a choice between right and easy..."

"I know Harry." Susan reached and squeezed his hand. "I know."

-O-

"Thank you for your cooperation." The man removed the wand from his throat and shouted a few orders to the men surrounding him. They complied and ran in different directions intent on finding anyone who had not surrendered. General Marlek had not been in a command of this magnitude and even with all his experience as head Auror for the Slovic Ministry, he felt over whelmed. He left the street and proceeded up the stairs of the near by building. He nodded to the men who lined the roofs across from the building window he looked out off before glancing at the people whom had surrendered without a fight. "That's right, no fight, nothing will happen to you." He said it quietly to himself but he knew it was a plea for these people not to fight, to struggle. His force was just too large. Any resistance would be crushed. Marlek had no delusions that some of the men he controlled were ready for blood. They wanted Minister Weasley's head. They wanted justice for Clavis by having those heads that protected Potter.

Marlek looked over the intersecting streets where over a thousand people sat on the street surrounded by his wizard army. "Marlek sir, the buildings are all clear. Did you want to send the signal to Clavis that the city is secured?"

The man looked at the unfamiliar subordinate but nodded. "Yes, send the message that the city Dragon Tailor is secured." The man dashed off.

"Now that the message is sent, your army will be more relax." Marlek raised his wand but it was out of his hand the moment his fingers touched it. He turned to look at who spoke and was surprised at how young the woman looked. "British Auror?" He asked slightly amused. "What can you do with just you?"

The green haired woman smiled. Her features suddenly changed and Marlek gasped at the identical twin that stood in front of him. Her voice changed with her new body. His own voice answered. "More than enough. The Dark Wizard Corp can crush countries, your army is nothing for only one." Tonks cast a silencing spell on the man and knocked him out with a stupefy curse. She pointed her wand and transfigured the old soldiers clothes to match hers.

Tonks knelt next to the now disguised man and used a knife she had strapped to her waist to cut a trickle of blood away from the man. "Blood strengthen this knife, know your enemy and spare those who would be victims." The blood seeped into the knife before she tucked it into it's sleeve.

When she stood up she shouted. "Guards!" Several man bounded into the room wands raised. They saw the unconscious form on the floor, "Search through the city and find them, there will be more!" The men shouted while one of the obedient soldiers bound, silenced, and made sure the Auror was not going to escape. Tonks nodded to the soldier as he carried out the unconscious General. Tonks closed the door and silenced the room.

She raised her hand to her neck and reached for a pendant. She gave it a slight squeeze before speaking. "Aurors, the enemy are about to spread and search the city, prepare for counter attack."

“So any other ideas now that we are out in the open?” Susan sat down on the pavement and almost moaned at the number of people being forced out into the streets. It was just getting towards shopping hours and most of the city would be there.

Harry sat on the ground and looked at the number of wizards. He gave a low whistle. A few wizards looked at Harry’s group for a moment before returning to their stoic positions. Harry leaned against Susan’s shoulder and whispered. “Not really, Severus told me how many before we were forced out . It seems they are going city by city looking for me and Hermione.”

Susan just glared at her husband. “Quite being so relaxed about it.”

Harry smiled. “I was actually of just thinking of surrendering myself. They may just leave everyone here alone.”

Susan glared at him. She was about to speak but another group of wizards passed by, patrolling through the streets. Harry was mildly amused that they were doing a face search. They knew he was a metamorphmagus. “Susan, no arguing. I am not going to give myself up. Besides, They probably wouldn’t be satisfied with just me.”

Severus sat next to Harry and sighed. Samantha sat leaning against her husband wondering what he was going to do. She did not know the person he was talking to very well. “I finally finished talking to the wizards. They seem to just want to find Harry Potter and Hermione Granger.” There are several people on their search list. Besides you they are looking for Tonks, Cho, Mathew Andrews and Alice. Harry stirred at the last two names.

“Maybe this Harry Potter should get a back bone and save us.” Harry said grudgingly. Several people who sat by grunted in agreement. Harry scowled more. We’ll have to find a way to make sure the two kids are alright. Alice can take care of herself but if they have an army just searching for her, I hope she is smart enough to run. Mathew is safe where he is. Are they looking for anyone else?

Snape’s internal voice sounded irritated. No.

Harry half turned his head to Severus. You aren't disappointed they were not looking for you are you? Severus stayed silent while fussing over his left cuff of his robes. It was the closest he ever saw the man skulking. Harry grinned, making a mental note to bring up the conversation again later.

Harry looked up a few minutes later when there was shouting down the street. Several men immediately began running and Harry looked around while the people started to spread the news that Minister Granger was found and was currently fighting off several groups of wizards inside the Ministry.

Harry looked at his two friends and sighed. "Just give me a second to think of something and I'll go help."

Susan glared at him before noticing she was getting some undue attention from several of the guards. She smiled sweetly at them before turning away from them and sitting facing her husband.

-O-

Hermione looked through her barrier and saw the faint trails that it would not hold out much longer. She glanced at the men and sighed ignoring their fourth demand to surrender. She didn't bother talking to them, they were not the ones she needed to convince. She raised her wand and left the room casting several spells at a time while going up the stairs. She saw the elevator she pointed her wand at the entrance. "Amlev" The door crumpled in a screech of metal. The doors fell inward and effectively shut down the elevator. She slowly weaved spell after spell as she walked up the flights of stairs. One to block entrance to the other departments while leading the way to her own office. After hearing the sound of a burning explosion she knew her barrier would have fallen and she cast a few vindictive traps where she stood when the wizards came to reach her.

When she walked to the top of the stairs and saw Dawns desk she sighed. She opened the door and had several dozen wands trained at her. "Just making sure everyone is alright in here." Several men didn't know if they should lower their wand in case it was a trap.

"I am closing the door and sealing it. Nothing can come in or out until a week passes or I unlock it." Hermione took a step back the doors immediately shut. There were several shouts of protests and demands to let her Aurors do their job. "I am sorry, but I can't allow that. If the worst comes to worst, you will be all that's left. Be safe." She shut the door again before anyone could run to stop her.

Hermione left the hall and closed the doors leading to her office and sealed those as well. She heard screams and a sudden splash and knew that several unlucky wizards found her muscle contracting traps. She waited patiently while taking off her robes revealing she was wearing a simple white blouse and tan slacks.

Hermione stretched slightly trying to remember the last time she actually had a duel and grimaced when she realized it was before she graduated from Hogwarts. When the first person came through the he suddenly stopped in surprise to see the very young and attractive Minister of magic trying to relax. He quickly regained his composure and took several steps before being slammed back by a wall of magic. He groaned in anger before seven more wizards came in. Hermione looked at them surprised at the number of people who made it through.

"That many people huh? How many started up the stairs then?" Hermione kept stretching with her wand in hand.

One of the men grounded out. "Sixty. Hermione Granger-Weasley you are under arrest for disturbing the peace, and aiding the war Criminal Harry Potter!"

Hermione looked at the man with her face showing no trace of emotion. She breathed in slightly before looking at the man strait in the eye. "I told your men before, They should surrendered when they had the chance." She flicked her wand and several paperweights on the desk flew to her feet along with a couch pillow behind her and several books for the shelves. "Just because I am a politician doesn't mean I can't defend myself." She flicked her wand again and each of the thirty objects turned into a silver sphere sitting at her feet.

Hermione took in a deep breathe and she let go of the barrier that had been protecting her. Several men immediately raised their wands to disarm her before Herimone pointed her wand at the spheres. "Wingardium Leviosa."

-O-

"We are Hunters. The town will be released shortly. Please do not fight and there will be no harm to any of you." The leader Hunter turned to his aid and said a few words no one else heard. "My name is Durma if you have any information to the location of Hermione Weasley, Harry Potter, Alice Niete Potter or Mathew Andrews, please come forward immediately. The sooner we have them in custody the sooner we may all go back to our lives." Durma turned away with a snap of his cloak and Harry gave an amused look to Severus who sneered back at him.

Harry cradled Susan much the way many of the other men were comforting their wives. Severus positions himself so he was doing the same to own. "Samantha it will be ok." Mrs. Snape nodded and Severus placed a slow sleeping spell on her. Harry and Severus leaned against each others back. "Do you want to make a move? Or do we wait this out."

Harry looked around to the people around him and found him self feeling a disturbing bout of apathy to their pain. "The leader doesn't seem to want to hurt anyone, but i can feel the intent of these wizards. They want blood."

Severus gave him an impatient glare. "If we fight now, we will be involving these people who are not even interested in knowing why I am being hunted. We wait. If they don't want to get involved that is their choice. We won't involve them."

-O-

Draken was relieved the room was silenced. The noise these invading wizards were making would likely bring half the city in on them. The spell fight lasted moments, and Draken noted the number of wizards they had captured.

“Draken Sir, we have our men in position, when you are ready we can set out the attack.” The uniformed special Auror saluted and left the room.

“Everyone draw your wands and we perform the control spell on three. One, two three.”

“Imperio.” The group of unarmed and bound wizards stopped their struggling and looked blankly at the walls.

Several black robed wizards nodded to each other when their prisoners gave no effort to move. Draken was a black robed wizard with silver clasps around his neck. As the most senior officer there, he was given the task of regaining control of the city Mother Trees’ Knot. He looked at the spell in wonder, and easily understood why it was considered an unforgivable spell. The idea of absolute control scared him. Draken looked at their group of controlled wizards. “When spells begin to fire, open disarming curses against anyone who is wearing your uniform. Until then, resume your given duties by your fellow soldiers as if nothing has happened.” The fifteen blue robed wizards left the building.

There was a clipping sound and someone snorted behind the leader. “Sir, Auror Tonks says she is about to start her plan.”

“Good, we will start our attack on these invaders as well. No one messes with Britain when the Dark Wizard Corps are on duty.”

-O-

The thirty spheres shook violently before they began to increase to terminal velocity. The first seven crashed into an enemy wizard and Hermione heard the satisfying sound of bones crunching.

Three spheres floated in front of her and she flicked several repelling and reflecting charms on those spheres to deflect incoming spells. Hermione concentrated and ten of the spheres flew out the door and into the stairs. She concentrated imagining where they were hitting. Each sphere acted like a bludger zoning in on human targets. Cries

erupted from the concrete shaft. Several of the wizards facing Hermione had enough time to realize that their men in the rear were being attack before they fell.

-O-

Harry shuddered at the sudden explosion from a building from down the street. The people surrendered screamed in fear when another building fell. Harry ground his teeth. These people were slowly but surely destroying every building in this town. He had known that Daigon was important. But why tear it down?

Susan shook slightly and Harry could tell that Severus was holding his own wife while she slept. A city block fell before many of the wizards who guarded them stirred. Harry saw wand fire down one street where the buildings were. He heard someone down that direction screaming for help. Many of the people around Harry huddled closer together and tried to block out the screams of pain and begging for aid.

Harry stood up and joined a few onlookers trying to see what was going on. Susan tried to follow him but found she couldn't move. Her body crawled next to Severus. She wore the most vicious glare when she sat next to the older man. "Harry is making me." She gritted out. It did not hold long when people shouted for help again.

Harry saw that there were a few people that were actually resisting. He felt something in the bottom of his stomach before he pushed it aside. The group of men were likely nothing more than crafts men. Harry saw another of the men fall unconscious.

One of the men was dead from what Harry could see. It was likely an accident judging from the screaming several of the Hunters were doing to a couple of bound wizards. Harry pushed his way through the crowds and found himself standing in front of a circle of the blue invaders. Seven men of the twenty seven still stood. Their wands pointed towards the wizard Hunters that surrounded them.

"We won't give up. You will have to kill us first!" Screamed a determined clean shaven man.

"We don't want to kill you." Harry looked to his left and a single man walked into the circle. "We are here simply for the arrest of Harry Potter and Hermione Weasley."

"That's the biggest load I have ever heard. Why so many men? Why force everyone outside? Why destroy our homes!"

The leader looked at the group and sighed. He raised then quickly lowered his hand and fifty wands fired a barrage of spells. Harry tensed. His eyes recognized the pattern of many of those spells and most of them could kill the group of men. Harry closed his eyes and found himself in the middle of the group of rebels.

Harry dropped his disguise and smiled at the merchants surprise. The torrent of spells disappeared leaving only a gust of air. Harry looked around the men who he had just protected. A few were apprehensive but there were a few that were pleased to see him. "Count yourselves lucky." He looked up to the leader of the Hunters. Durma just gave the order to fire at Harry himself. "No more harm will fall onto you or the people of this city."

Another wave of spells fired at Harry only to pass through him and the group of people on the ground. Several Hunters collapsed with various injuries. Harry concentrated his magic and the purple barrier in the sky fell apart. There were a sudden mass of pops and Harry was glad many of the people had the presence of mind to aparate on their own. The slow ones allowed him a moment to concentrate. Then they too were forced aparated to the other side of the mountain range that guarded the west side of Daigon.

The purple barrier went back up again but not before many of the wizards that had been spread out through the wizarding city gathered around their main objective. Harry was almost tempted to give a show of trying to count how many people wanted him captured or worse. He shrugged off the inclination and gave a wicked smile. He turned to the man Durma who was still where Harry had seen him last. "How many Harry's does it take to bring down an army?" A silver tiger slowly appeared at Harry's side. Rain... Integrate.

The silver predator disappeared. Hundreds of wands pointed at the single man and they all flinched in nervousness when Harry Potter spoke. "Step." A silver form of Harry walked away from the real one. The clone turned towards its maker before changing from silver to the solid colors Harry wore. "Step." A second Harry walked out of scared wizard. This one lost its silver shine a moment later. Harry looked back to Durma and chuckled. "Not even one." A silver snake, wolf and eagle stood in front of a different Harry. Not a moment passed before all three grunted out. "Integrate." Two of the Harry's immediately appeared through the wards. The third Harry smiled and raised his arms. "Well now, looks like you guys got stuck with the nasty Harry." The ground shook, and it was the signal for the Hunters to fire their wands. Harry laughed before he disappeared. He was replaced by a sudden wave of water that rose over the tallest buildings wiping out all of the wizards in the city. The water kept flowing in different paths and they receded on the east end of the city. Harry stood there and saw the Hunters slowly floated and deposited on the road leaving the city. Harry grimaced at the city. He had to break a lot of things to take out the Hunters so fast. But shrugged off the damage since it stopped the bad guys from destroying the buildings. The Harry clone sat down and sighed glad it used most of its magic already. It would disappear in a few moments. It stopped and looked to the mountains. In all of the rush Harry had forgotten about that little detail. It was then that the Harry disappeared in a wisp of magic.

-0-

Susan sat still bound to her same position. She glared at the mountain. "I am sooo going to kill him for this."

Severus growled. "Not if I don't get him first." Severus did concede that it was probably a good idea, he was not in good fighting condition. He still felt weak and drained. He looked over to Susan and wondered if she was unfit to fight as Harry had deemed him.

Severus' wife still laid unconscious against her husband blissfully unaware of the war going on in the town not even a mile from them, or the murderous intent radiating from her husband. Severus looked around and sighed. It was just the three of them and he silently

wished his wife would wake up and place his wand in his hand so he could remove the paralysis around Susan and himself.

“Damn it, he knows I hate being left out. And Alice is still being hunted.”

Severus looked at the woman and knew he would regret his act of kindness. “Alice is not like her father. She is smart enough to know when to run. Besides, from what I heard she can take care of herself.”

Susan wanted to give a death glare but gave it up. She struggled against her body and finally gave that up as well. “That’s besides the point.” Susan grumbled. She glared at the mountains blocking her view of the town. “DAMN IT HARRY!”

-O-

A man wearing a white thin robe looked over the pile of men at his side. He was not disturbed by the fact they had attacked him on sight, but the fact he had to be dragged from his teams lab deep underneath London. I have about eighty wizards here lined up for you Nel. His mind called out to one of his friends. His sewed eyes and mouth looked over towards the villagers who were watching him in awe. The mans’ stitched mouth curved slightly. It was not often he visited the surface. Mostly because the laws required to allow him to see the surface forbade him to do anything beyond watching the world from a designated country side. I can hardly wait to remove these stitches. I like seeing.

Its not that bad Ziv. And what’s so bad defending the country? Ziv looked towards his left and moved with blinding speed as a group of blue robed wizards were preparing to attack him. He pulled out a knife and cut loose a stitch on his left eye. It was just enough to let him see the people about to attack them. His eyes looked at the group and each fell to their knees. Each felt as if their lives were being judged. The mans’ eye turned to an unnatural blue and the contingent of soldiers fell screaming into unconsciousness. Ziv closed his eye and used his wand to mend the stitch.

There is nothing wrong with defending the country Avi. But I like using my eyes with out the threat of killing someone. Ziv walked to the group of men and used his wand to line them up with the others he had with him. He turned to his left and felt several people who had been defending their home stare at him. His lips curved again before he walked down the street to where he felt more of the blue wizards were. His own small army of wizards had been asked by the Minister her self, well, by proxy, to help defend the cities. They all owed her one way or another so it was little surprise that all thirty of them had volunteered to help.

When Ziv was several blocks away, the adults fell to their feet and sighed in relief. "Dad who was that?" The father looked up towards the second story. The teenager son was standing at the window with his wand in hand. The father was tempted to ask if he had been aiming at the stranger the whole time. He decided to just count his blessings that his family was safe.

The mother was sitting beside her husband on the porch. Although she had never heard of someone seeing one before, she trembled out. "I think that was an Unspeakable."

The son looked over at the west side of town he could hear a battle being fought there. His brow lowered and he ran from the window. "Dad I am getting everyone together. Those Unspeakables or what ever might be able to fight a lot of wizards at a time, but there are too many. We have to help." The son ran down stairs and out the door. The father simply stood there unsure of what to do.

-O-

Hermione slowly remembered a lot of Harry's forgotten tips. Use your free hand to help cut down on casting time. She had to take a long time to practice to make her hands open doing two different motions at the same time. But it helped when long incantations and wand waving spells were cut to a third of their casting time. The room shook continuously. A silver sphere made contact with a wall or floor causing the wizards to loose their footing second after second.

The wizards that were in her office were ill prepared to stop a physical assault. The ones who were able to quickly raise a physical barrier spell still did not last long. the spheres shattered through their spells and still hit their target. She was silently thankful the enemy spells were so concerned with her spheres that they did not have the presence of mind to attack her directly. Three spheres could stop a few wizards, but the twenty in the room could still easily still overpower her.

The Minister heard a determined scream. She saw one wizard reach out to a sphere that was heading straight for him. He wrapped his arms around it and wheezed when the sphere crushed his ribs. "Do it now!" Hermione saw one of the other wizards point at the sphere preparing to disenchant it. She waved a finger towards the man and three spheres hit his legs, abdomen and his head in three different angles. The body flailed for a moment in air before it crashed in a spin against the wall. Hermione focused her eyes on the sphere the one wizard was holding and another sphere hit the sphere being held. Both bounced off the man's chest and continued their paths of destruction.

Hermione tried not to chuckle at the looks of the others. No doubt she would feel noxious about how many people she likely killed later, but she knew Harry's constant ranting about fighting was keeping her alive for now.

-O-

The group looked out of the second story window in silence. The wizards that had encircled their city immediately began to take apart their stores and businesses while holding everyone in their homes. There were a few fights but they were quickly silenced. For many of the townsfolk, there were just too many soldiers. "We are all here Owen."

Owen looked at his friends and grinned. "Think they have any idea what town they are picking on?"

Angela stood behind the blonde and playfully hit him on the shoulder. "They have no idea." Twenty-one voices shouted integrate before disappearing from the small house.

Owen was thrown courtesy of Angela, towards the southern end of town. He pointed his wand at the three blue robed wizards and they fell unconscious. Darin, a former classmate he never really knew pointed to the block down from them. A few business men were surrounded and held captive while their stores were being searched.

"Hey Darin, let me try something. Harry said that he did this once." Darin looked at him but nodded before stepping back and crouching on the edge of the roof to have a clear view. Owen jumped across several roofs until he was directly over the main group of wizards. He suppressed the urge to spit on them and raised his wand and concentrated his magic. He immediately felt the intention of his magic weaving and he smiled when he had all seven conditions placed on himself. He expanded his magical senses and realized that there were many wizards in each of the buildings. Owen exhaled, "Terror."

The air suddenly thickened and several of the blue robed men clutched their throats. Seven more fell to their knees and Owen smiled when a few from inside the buildings instantly passed out. His brow furrowed a second before he heard the first of what suddenly became a chorus of screams. Five seconds later, the city blocks around the blonde fell silent.

Darin ran up to the young man. "What the bloody hell was that?"

"I made them afraid." Owen was satisfied when the merchants were safe and did not feel the effects of the conditioned spell. "Lets keep moving, someone had to have heard that." Darin led the way as they heard shouts of alarm across the city.

Down below on the street, the fifteen wizards and witches looked at each other unsure what to do. They had noticed the boy as he left. "Lets fight too, I don't want stand around feeling like I can't protect my own home." The wizards drew his wand and started walking down the street. Several other witches and wizards saw him left and only took a few seconds to come to a decision and follow.

-O-

The small group of Hunters ran from the screams expecting to see someone in their group had breached protocol and started to harass the towns folk. The group stopped and stared at the men who were laying face down unconscious. They immediately pulled out their wands and started forming a perimeter to investigate what happened.

A pair of cold hands began to reach out and rub one Hunters' back and there was a sudden purr from behind him. The man turned his head only to see a pair of clear eyes. "Hello handsome." The man screamed when the ghost kissed him.

The Bloody Baron looked at the girl with a half raised eyebrow. "Myrtle stop playing with them. There are a lot of wizards here harming the people."

Myrtle gave a slight moan. "But Mr. Baron, it is not often I get to see so many real men." Moaning Myrtle's voice turned dangerously savage. "It almost makes me wish to possess one to have some fun!"

Another ghost passed by them while continuing to force the wizards occupying Hogsmeade to retreat to the far side of the city well away from the Castle of Hogwarts.

"But your Hogwarts ghosts!" Shouted one man as he collapsed. Sir Nicholas removed his hand from the man's head when the man fell.

The nearly headless knight looked at the man and started walking forward with the other Hogwarts ghosts. "You didn't think we would just sit in our castle while you terrorize our neighbors Jonathan." The knight shook his head in disappointment. He recognized quite a few wizards and witches here. Most had graduated from Hogwarts and many of those had been in his house.

-O-

Tonks walked around the group of wizards dressed as a random soldier. She stopped right where she was supposed to be and looked

directly at the top of a shadowed town house. She smiled at the small flash of light there and then screamed. "Harry Potter!" Tonks started running into mass of blue robed wizards. She fired three spells and tripped. She rolled on the ground and stood up as another random soldier. "There!" She pointed again. With out even looking several wizards fired spells in Tonks pointed direction. Tonks ran to the side as others began to get organized. She changed again. "Those guys are helping Potter! Arrest them!" almost a hundred spells flew towards the dozen wizards. Tonks looked into the corner of her eye and smiled. The spells reflected off the small group of wizards. "One of them is Harry Potter!" Tonks screamed again as another man. Hundreds of spells fired again surrounding the small group. The group disappeared and reappeared on a roof where several Aurors laid them unconscious. The hundreds of wizards were convening on the point began to fall as the spells that were meant for their target began to crumple the massive army.

Tonks used every bit of training not to laugh as she ran from several survivors. She whispered. "Imperio. Fight the other blue robed men." She continued to run in a wide circle casting the spell again and again. Slowly the numbers that reached over a thousand wizards fell to a few hundred. When ever a someone attacked an imperio'ed wizard the spells would some how disappear or be deflected. the thirty controlled wizards slowly fell the army and when there were just them left they each took a turn knocking them selves out.

Tonks finally made it to the window she saw and stood their laughing at the thought of not firing a single offensive spell. She grinned at her companion when the last of the wizards fell. The girl sighed. "Nice job there kiddo. Didn't think having one of those makes such a difference in fighting. Those guys would never had lasted as long if you had not been here to absorb and repel the spells fired at them."

Alice smiled from her chair. She was still panting and the sweat on her brow rolled off her face. "It would have been a little easier if I could have concentrated aunty." Alice childishly stuck her tongue out at the Auror.

Tonks laughed and waved for the other Aurors. she leaned out the window. "Get everyone lined up and placed in stasis fields. Gather their wands and then destroy them."

"Its too bad we were in a town, i could have easily disenchanted the wands."

Tonks shook her head and sat down on the chair next to the young ladies, "Naw, then we would have a thousand people charging us. A barrier spell only lasts so long Alice." Alice nodded. Tonks looked at the window again. "Besides, you don't need a wand to apparate. They could have escaped if you disenchanted the area. Their barriers would have collapsed letting them an easy out." Alice looked up surprised she had not thought of that.

Alice nodded and stood up. "Let's go down and help. I know Rin can get most of the work down faster than we could." Tonks stood up not bothering to tell the girl she needed to rest.

-O-

Seven minutes passed before the last wizard fell. Hermione looked at her spheres and sighed. Twelve of them were destroyed and the three she had protecting herself no longer looked like spheres. Hermione let the spheres fall to the ground and each one landed with a ground shaking thud.

After catching her breath she noticed three of the men were still conscious. She walked over to him and knelt down. "Is this what you wanted?" She gestured to ante chamber to her office. It no longer resembled a room as the walls were scorched with spells and dents from her silver spheres.

One man gurgled out and she saw that he had a large bruise on his neck and likely reached down to his broken collar bone. "Why is revenge so important?" Hermione stayed silent and the few conscious men didn't give her an answer. "Was it jealousy of what I made my country? Or greed that wanted my power?" Hermione swallowed in frustration at their pained looks. "Or were you really afraid that I some how change your home?" None of it was from what

she was saying. They only thought of themselves. "You bastards think I am so high and mighty, I never said I was great. I am doing my job the best I can do. And i know it will never be enough, because I know that this world is far from being perfect." A tear managed to pass by Hermione's closed eyes. She opened them again and punched the man she crouched over. The woman stood and started walking away from the group that she was disgusted with. She stopped when she saw another man looking at her. He glared at her.

"I am not the only one fighting. Britain is strong. Stronger than you realize. We won't keel over at someone else's order. Every generation there are heroes. Right now, our heroes are being tested, and right now they are all answering. I know good people who don't see that." Hermione's voice broke while she regained her self control. Her quivering breath stared again. "But..." Hermione walked over the man. "I know that today Britain will make him believe. " Hermione walked towards her office intent on releasing her Aurors.

-0-

Harry arrived in one city and was surprised to see that it was not occupied. He turned his head and corrected his mistake. "Tonks, why do you look like that?"

The soldier was waving back and forth screaming his name. The man blushed slightly before changing back to the familiar heart shaped face of his long time friend. "Your late! I took apart the army already. Well they did it to them selves really." Harry looked at her blankly. "What?"

"Nothing Tonks, what about the other cities?"

"We are about to check ourselves." Harry nodded and aparated immediately.

Harry and his clone aparated into another city and saw that a huge battle was waged down several blocks. He followed the road until he started seeing bodies being collected. His face turned grim when he saw that villagers and Hunters lined side by side. They were all dead. Harry moved faster and saw where villagers had rebelled against the

Wizard Hunters. Harry looked at the group of captured men women and children. Many of them were cornered in alleys and held there by the Hunters. He counted only ninety wizards and wondered how many started the invasion. Harry defeated the remaining force of Hunters as they were calling for help. He left his clone behind to help heal the city make shift militia. He didn't know what to say to the surviving villagers. But they all looked at him with a respect he had never felt before. He ignored the feeling and aparated to Godric's Hallow but not before he recognized a few of them. In an instant he realized who they were. Blood Knights. Harry felt his magic course through him in the instant he aparated. He remembered Cyan saying they would come to him when asked. He mentally shook his head. This was already over. When this last army was done, he knew there was only one other thing left to do.

Godric's Hallow was the largest wizarding city in Britain and anywhere else in the world. Only Frisland had a higher concentration of wizards living in one area and that was spread across four of their major cities.

Harry appeared in the center of town and was immediately fired upon. The spells wisped into nonexistence. He looked around and couldn't help but be impressed. He didn't know there were this many wizards in a policing force, much less the make shift army that stood before him. "Harry Potter." Harry turned his head and almost laughed out loud at the man who was watching him. The silver blonde was sitting on the head of Godric Griffindor.

"You don't look too happy to see me Draco." Several of Draco's men turned to their leader and looked at him suspiciously.

"Well, I never was looking forward to our reunion. Would you be so kind as to surrender?"

Harry shook his head and felt all four of his summons disengage from his integration. "You know I can't do that yet. I need to make a point first."

Draco laughed easily and thumped the head of Griffindor with his fist. "At least don't get too tired we still need to catch up after this fight."

Harry gave a very Draco like smirk and raised his hands. His body already began to hum with magic.

- - - Chapter 9 And your point? - - -

A/N Geez this took me forever. Sorry about the total lack of any kind of writing. My lap top decided it was going to rebel. Hard drive is dead and the motherboard is fried. Go dell -.- This means that I have no idea when and what the next chapter will be posted although I am sad I can't get it up before the end of march. It marks that this story has been a work in progress for a year. Scary for me. I was just lucky I was able to recover most of this chapter before it died out one last time. I had to Frankenstein the power receiver to get the computer running. That's when the hard disk started getting fatal errors. grr. oh and if you see lots of un-capitalized letters, that is my word processors' fault. Using microsoft works. (yeah it does, but only when it wants to).

See you all next time. Chapter 10 should mark the end of this story and the beginning of year 6 of this time line. Happy day.

Albus stood in front of the one hundred and seventy seats surrounding the spokesmen's floor. He heard a distance man cough while he turned full circle to the council. Albus Dumbledore had stood on the Wizengamot long before it became the present incarnation that governed most of Europe. However, the council he was on, consisted no more than eight people. Each with the ability to understand each situation presented to them and act accordingly. The Wizengamot he knew was one where justice had prevailed in almost an un-wavering devotion. Rare were the trials that failed to see justice done. It was why when he was in office, death eaters were afraid of being brought before the council. Now he looked at the group of men and women and sighed. He knew none of these people. He did not need to use his Legilimency to know that they were out for their own interests. In all honesty, the council was too large and not large enough. Too many voices and not enough representing those who had no voice.

"Is that your final decision Wizengamot?" Albus finally spoke after they had given their decision not to withdraw their troops from Britain. Many of them quivered from his gaze when it went in their direction.

The men on the high table looked at each other before nodding. The center man was in the position Minister Granger once held. Albus did not know how to feel seeing this man who he knew to be self centered at that position. The leader of the Wizengamot, Alden, finally spoke. "It is. The Wizengamot force will remain occupying the cities of Britain until the time that Minister Granger-Weasley and Harry Potter-Black are apprehended and suspects Alice Potter and Mathew Andrews have turned themselves in."

Albus bowed to the council before leaving. The Council was convened for normal session when Albus entered. When he left, Albus felt the questions Harry placed in the old man's head rise again. It had been long ago when Harry left knowing that this kind of fallacy in their world would only strengthen as time progressed.

Albus stopped before he reached the doors to the exit. He turned to the council table and said loudly and clearly. "You would have saved your self a lot of trouble if you had simply asked Harry Potter and Hermione Weasley to appear before the Wizengamot. Neither one

had denied an audience to this council. I fear all that you managed to accomplish was an irrevocable wrong.” Albus then turned and left the Wizengamot to their murmuring. I have wasted enough time; there is a home that needs my help.

Chapter 10 First Step

Hermione walked out the front doors and was amused to see that there was nothing out of the ordinary at the entrance to the Ministry. “Start from Daigon. I will use my last portkey to get to my office at my home.” The Aurors saluted and left. Hermione turned to the building that was disguised as an old dilapidated book store. It led to the main hall that welcome visitors to the Ministry of Magic. She didn’t want to think of the head ache the repairs were going to cost. Much of it was delicate and had to be replaced the hard way. It was enough that the place was still standing, and there was one victory in this invaded country.

Hermione put on her glasses and tapped the left lens. “Take me home.” The glasses turned portkey instantly took her away from her own personal battle field.

-O-

Susan finally shouted. “Thank you!” She tried to stand up but immediately fell back over in pain. She slowly started to knead her legs and arms to restore the feeling that numbness had claimed. “Severus, any idea where we can place Samantha before we look for Harry?” She looked at the man and he understood that if Harry removed this bit of magic he was in trouble.

“There is a safe house where one of my men is staying, she will be safe there.” Severus awoke his wife. “Samantha.”

Severus’ wife stirred and looked at him before looking around her surroundings. She clutched her husbands’ shirt before muttering. “Thank god we live in a muggle town.” Severus nodded.

“That is a saving grace, but there you need to go home and get a few things together. I need to take you and Gwen both to a safe place for

the rest of the day.” Samantha stood and nodded. Mr. Snape aparated the three of them to his home and walked inside the house through the back alley door. “We are home early Janice.”

The baby sitter was a fourteen year old girl. She smiled. “She is sleeping right now.”

“Thank you for coming on short notice. We decided to go visit a friend who invited us over. We wanted to bring Gwen with us.” The young teenager saw the blonde woman behind the married couple and smiled at her before nodding. Samantha paid her and the girl left. Severus carried down a bag and their sleeping daughter.

Severus nudged his sleeping daughter. “Gwen sweetie, wake up.” The girl stirred slightly before looking around. She smiled at her daddy. “We are going to go somewhere but you need to be awake for us to portkey. I know you always wanted to try it.” The girl instantly was awake and looking around excitedly. Samantha and Susan placed their hands on the small glass orb that Severus produced from his pocket. “Family” The portkey activated and the four were gone the next instant.

Gwen squealed in delight when they landed in a room with rich furniture and a fire place. A man stood and sighed before sitting back down. Severus handed his daughter to his wife, “Sorry for the scare Crest.”

Crest stood up again and shook his friends’ hand. “It’s good to see you sir.”

“There is an occupation now in the Britain cities.” The man nodded. “Could you please look after Samantha and my daughter Gwen?” The man nodded and looked over to the mother and child.

Severus turned to his wife and hugged her before kissing his daughter on the head. “I’ll return soon.”

Samantha gave Severus a deep kiss. “Be careful.”

Susan looked at her watch. "It's been almost two hours Severus, we got to get moving." Her eyes suddenly turned a pale blue and a silver spider appeared clinging to her back. The small girl gasped with fascination. Susan looked over to the kid and smiled. "We will have to move fast, Integrate." The spider slowly slid into the woman. "First thing we are doing is finding where the largest number of wizards are located." Severus nodded before Susan turned to the North East. "There." The potions master grabbed a hold of the blonde's shoulder and they were both gone with a silent pop.

In a town a hundred miles away from the house a beam of silver light fell from the sky bent on breaking through the wards around the city. When it touched the ground it disappeared. Susan smiled when she found her self in the alley. She had not liked the idea of passing through wards. She could do it, but it was tricky and it was only thanks to her summon Shan that she had the ability. That didn't necessarily mean that she could choose where they arrived at, most of her skill was just to get them through the ward, she was just relieved that they arrived in a barren alley.

Spell fire burned the air. Susan had to upturn her nose to the smell. Severus had his wand ready and both adults scanned the area. When there were no witches or wizards they walked towards the end of the alley.

The pair heard shouting and they ran towards the commotion. The streets were bare and Susan repressed a shiver. Several of the buildings were razed. They arrived in time to see a thunderous shout of cheer. "IT'S NOT JUST ONE MANS FIGHT!" Severus and Susan looked at each other before they both lowered their wands. "THEY CAME TO US WITH NUMBERS, AND WE RESPONDED WITH WILL!" More shouting erupted from the crowd. The two Raiders look around the crowd trying to see who was talking but they knew that the spelled voice was enchanted to reach a certain range. They both started to push their way through the towns folk of Dragons Tailor. "THEY WANT US TO GIVE UP AND WE SHOWED THAT WE ARE STRONGER THAN THEIR SCHEMES!" Susan repressed the urge to cover her ears at the sudden cheering. Severus reached around several people and grabbed a hold of Susans' hand to pull her through the crowd. After they pulled themselves through another

block they both looked in shock at down town. The whole square was holding the invading army. Several of the blue robed wizards were looking at the massive mob that surrounded them. "BUT NOT LET US FORGET THAT JUSTICE IS NOT THE WILL OF THE VICTORIOUS, BUT THE RESPECT OF OUR LAW! NOW WE WILL SHOW THE WORLD WE TRULY ARE BETTER THAN THEY!" The cheers erupted again. The wards around the city fell and Susan and Severus instantly looked to the center of the town. The small building in the heart of the town opened and a young man came out. No one seemed to notice the hut and Susan and Severus almost laughed at their late arrival.

Susan looked up at the sight of a young man standing on a ledge of a building. He had a mop of blonde hair and Susan recognized him immediately as he had often visited the Potter house. Several other people not much older than the leader stood with him. Each had a silver apparition keeping them company while looking at the number of wizards who answered their call for help. The young man took off the sonorous spell from his throat and shouted along with the crowds. Susan leaned over to Severus and had to shout in his ear, "I think Owen should go into politics!"

-O-

Harry Potter felt the endless number of spells hitting against his protection rings. He often wondered how he would feel fighting so many people at one time. He grinned evilly and wondered what would happen if he could perform a disenchanted spell the size that his daughter could. It would be interesting if they would just surrender then. Harry looked over to Draco who sat on the same spot as if he was enjoying a entertaining show. Harry chuckled slightly when he realized that he was.

Harry raised his hands and his modified eyes saw the amount of magic that was being drawn from the closest wizards towards his palms. At first they didn't notice their spells were not being as effective as they should be and shortly there after many of them could no longer cast any spell. There were several cries before Harry pointed his hand down two different streets. A sudden flash flew through the two paths before the men and women standing there

waiting their turn to fire spells collapsed. Many took it as their cue, to find a way to join in. Many of the wizards and witches who could not fire spells ran inside buildings to floors and roofs to fire at the man.

Harry smiled after a minute of just watching in morbid fascination of the number of spells being fired at him. He changed the spells to his shield and weaved a ward around himself to stop the spells. It let him stop concentrating on constantly maintaining his shield. Harry placed his hands in front of him and a sphere of light appeared between his cupped hands. His palms slowly moved away from each other as the sphere grew.

Harry grimaced at the number of spells that increased when he started creating the sphere. He was half blind from the number of spell light that flew all around him. He had wondered what he was going to do with these people, and found an idea that made him chuckle. He shivered thinking of the one time he created a condition necessary to pull off this spell. That particular time he almost killed himself. It was also the first time he could create a way to weave magic into a condition. He felt his magical aura begin to contract and expand. Each tug felt like a touch of his soul was being pulled away while he focused and refined his magic. His body felt the protest of so much magic coursing through his veins. He felt the sizzle of his skin and smelt the flakes of flesh that peeled off his hands and face.

When his eyes focused on Draco, the man stood up and nodded unconsciously in understanding. The platinum blonde crouched down and took hold of statue he had been standing on and immediately felt the burst of magic from Harry.

The visible aura from Harry suddenly sucked itself back into the man's body. Harry looked at the thousands of wizards and witches on the ground, alleys, buildings and roofs. His mental eyes saw the thousands of wizards and witches fighting or still overseeing two more towns that had not been cleared out. Harry's voice gave a disgusted sneer. "Get out." As if they listened and obeyed, thousands of pops erupted at once. There was nothing more than a few sounds of gasping before the city was silent. Harry destroyed the Hunters' barriers around each city and sighed when he saw that people in Godrics Hallow begin to leave their houses to see what happened.

There was a sudden clapping sound and Harry was amused at the pretentious blonde. "Was it a good show Draco?"

"It was. Sorry I had to lead that, but you know, contracts and everything." Draco dusted off his pants.

"How is the mercenary life?" Harry asked genuinely interested.

Draco shrugged. "It's not an easy line of work. But I think I am ready to settle down."

Harry nodded before looking around. "I think this is the only city that doesn't have razed buildings."

"I tried, I am sure there are a few that have been, we just can't see it from here. So I take it you got rid of that curse?" Harry raised an eyebrow. Draco returned the look with a sneer. "Please Harry, my employer told me all about it."

Harry nodded his head. He was glad this town was not badly damaged. It was where his parents used to live when they went into hiding. The town was named after their home. "Are you ready for this duel?"

Draco laughed while pulling out his wand. "As if I could really match you Potter." Draco walked to the middle of the street and they both bowed and turned to their fighting stance. Without a signal they both fired identical spells of red light. Each deflected the other while Draco charged towards his opponent. Harry raised his hand and the concrete beneath Draco's feet broke apart and turned to water, Draco half fell in before he rolled to the side pulling his feet out of the street as it slowly turned back into pavement. Draco flicked his wrist not the least bit perturbed from the attack. Harry sidestepped the spell and flicked his fingers. Several spells of blue light fired one after the other from Harry's right hand. Draco cast a shield spell and quickly moved out of the way as the second spell hit and shattered the weak defense.

Draco started several quick motions with his wand and pointed it right at Harry. The air burst into light before a long beam flew towards

Harry. Harry raised his hand to it and gave a look of surprise before raising his left to help stop the spell. Draco collapsed to the ground panting hard. "Nice job Draco. That surprised me."

Draco muttered several hard swear words. "Don't let it get to you. Voldemort is the only other guy to surprise me like that." Draco sighed into the ground before rolling himself to the side. Draco still lay there panting. "It took that much out of you?"

Draco nodded. "I wrote that spell to fight against you. But I don't have the capacity to cast it well. I don't think many can." Harry smiled.

"Well, you were the last of the Hunter forces. I guess I should go and see how Hermione and Alice are doing."

Draco gave a long exhausted sigh. "Maybe it's time to retire."

Harry laughed while he pulled his one time enemy into a sitting position. "Think you are ready to come back home?"

"Not to Britain, I never really did like it here, maybe somewhere where it does not rain as much." Harry smiled. Draco scowled at him. "And somewhere where I don't have to see you on a newspaper." Harry laughed.

"So were conditions to your employers' contract met?"

Draco nodded. "I just had to fight you. Now that it is over, I got paid. Good thing Goblins like me so much now. Just don't tell my mom I said that. She already disowned me, I don't think I could live with her hating me to." Harry just shook his head.

"Well I should get going. Make yourself scarce Draco. Good luck." Draco extended his hand and they both shook.

"My Oath for you is fulfilled now. My word and strength know no boundaries, I will show you what I can become. Remember? I don't need luck."

Harry smiled. "You are a good man Draco." Draco moved back as if he was hit. He aparated away before saying something he would regret in retaliation. Harry surveyed the damage to the cities' main square and opening streets where Godrics' statue sat. He felt the burns on his face healing slowly and added more magic to speed the healing. "You can come out now Hermione."

"I saw the fights from my dead room." At Harry's look Hermione smiled. "It's a room where no magic can come in or out, and there is only two ways into it. In the room I can pretty much monitor all of Britain if we every came into war."

Harry nodded. "Have you heard from Susan or Alice?"

"They are both fine Susan got to a rally led by Owen Yellow." Harry laughed. "And Alice was sleeping off her exhaustion the last time I checked." Harry almost felt like running when he heard a dozen pops. He turned his head and grinned. "Hi Cho!"

The woman glared at her former leader and friend. Still on unsteady feet she walked over to him. "Did you really find it necessary to put me into a sleeping trance?"

Harry looked over to her shoulder and saw the other members of the Raiders. The twins were laughing though they still winced from pain over their fight with Harry. Ron ignored them all and went strait to his wife. The two didn't notice the rest of the world. Harry gave Fleur a look meaning she shouldn't even be out of bed. And the others just looked as if they wanted to see what Cho would do. Harry thought what to say. "Cho? Can you cast a spell with out it hurting you?" She glared at him before saying a no. "Would you have gone and tried to fight?"

She shouted "Yes!"

Harry placed a hand on her shoulder and pushed slightly. She toppled over only to be caught by her husband Neville. "Cho, you would have died, most of you guys would have. I know I am going to get hell, especially Susan." There were a few guffaws from that. "But I

knew you guys couldn't help." Cho just growled at him before nodding her head and leaned against Neville.

Harry sighed when he looked at the people slowly circling the group. From what Harry could tell, they didn't even have the opportunity to fight back. They had all been sealed in their homes. Harry thought back to the number of wizards and shook his head. It was better this way. Even if the whole of the city fought, not all were wizards and witches and among the magic folk, the Hunter army was just too large.

Harry stretched still feeling the strain on his magic from the forced separation of the invaders.

"Harry?"

"Yeah?" Harry looked at Hermione who gave him the look. Harry only got that look when she was not going to be satisfied until she was told the whole answer.

"Where did you send the Blue army to?"

Harry laughed. "Clavis, under lock and key. No one can leave the city. And its fields are large enough to hold that many people even if they are unconscious." Harry lost his smile when he looked at his friend. "I've been lazy. This should never have had happened."

Hermione smiled. "It doesn't matter, the hard part is over." Harry grinned at her.

-O-

"Hey Albus!" The former headmaster looked up from his patient and smiled.

"It is good to see you both in good spirits, Miss Tonks, Miss Potter."

Alice and Tonks both shared a smile. "We are going through the towns to make sure the blue guys are gone."

Albus turned back to his patient. "Don't help with the relief work for a day. You need those ribs to mend." The man nodded before walking up and gingerly touching his side. He thanks the old man and left. "As you can see I have been helping the healers. It seems they are spread thin with so many people injured. Daigon is completely flooded from what I heard so many of the refugees are arriving here and heading to the castle."

Alice looked up and saw the steady stream of people heading towards Hogwarts.

Albus interrupted any thoughts she had. "I was at the Wizengamot trying to convince them of withdrawing when the first army fell onto Daigon." Albus gave an almost bitter laugh. His voice was pained and he could feel the weight of his breath.

The two ladies were surprised. They had never heard the tone from the man before. "When I returned I was surprised that it seemed most of the fight happened with out me." He laughed happily as he helped the next patient that came to him. The two girls smiled at him in return but both felt something fall from their view of the unshakeable Dumbledore. Something that only time could take away. Youth.

-O-

Susan had to drag Severus through the crowds. After the captured wizards disappeared Owen had said that Harry Potter had won his fight and sent them away. The crowds slowly dispersed back to their homes and businesses to help rebuild. Angela noticed the two adults and waved them over.

"How's everywhere else Mrs. Potter?"

Susan sighed. She looked at Severus and smiled at his personal sneer. "We didn't get to see anything Harry made sure we didn't interfere." Angela looked at the two. They both looked irritated. When she laughed it drew the attention of the rest of her friends.

"Hey Susan, have you seen Alice?" Susan shook her head at the blonde haired wizard.

“Sorry Owen, I was actually coming over here to see if you guys could find him and Alice.”

Pam smiled from behind them. She snaked her arms around Angelas’ and Owens’ shoulders. “Bruce can help you.” She turned her head and almost shouted into Owens’ ear. “Bruce! Get over here!”

Susan shared an amused look with Severus before Auror Dent arrived. Before he could ask, Susan answered him. “We need to find Harry, Alice and probably Hermione.” She knew that if something happened many of the Raiders were smart enough to withdraw from the towns. And only three of them really lived in the cities. The others lived out in Muggle Britain.

Bruce immediately summoned his bear. The bear disappeared and the summoner felt the new sensory perception the bear gave him. Bruce turned his head and looked north east. “Alice is with Auror Tonks in Hogsmeade.” Bruce turned again and kept looking. His brow furrowed. Finally he turned south and focused there for a few minutes. “The Professor and Minister Weasley are far south and a little east of here.” He concentrated more and saw buildings and people. He didn’t recognize the place so it was hard to tell the others exactly where they were. Finally his eyes widened at the crest he saw on the floor. The two people he was searching for just walked over it. “The Wizengamot court. They are at the gates.”

Susan and Severus exchanged a look before Susan immediately apparated.

-O-

Harry and Hermione walked through the halls and several wizards recognized the pair. They started shouting orders to their fellow wizards to arrest them. Harry pressed a circle of magic and the Minister and he, both walked through the mass of wizards that had started to fill the narrow hall. Spells flew in their direction but Harry protected both of them. As the pair passed the Aurors many of them fell to the ground before they passed out.

Hermione looked at her friend and saw him sweating heavily. "I can cover for us if you need to rest Harry, we are almost there." Harry just shook his head. A sudden burst of air encircled them before the rest of the wizards in the hall fell. Harry gave an exhausted breath.

The two heard the council still talking through the doors and Hermione resisted the urge to roll her eyes at the thought no one bothered to inform the council of their appearance. "Should we knock or barge in?"

Harry raised his hand and the doors flew off their hinges and flew past the two. "The more dramatic the entrance the better..."

The two walked inside and there were sudden gasps from the hundreds seats above them. The two both craned their necks to look at the fully assembled Wizengamot. Harry held a slight snicker. "A long way from the seven seats at my first trial."

Hermione resisted the urge to chide him. She walked ahead of him and stood at the center of the council and walked onto the podium. "Dishonored members of the Wizengamot, your invasion has failed." Several people stood only to be forced to sit back down. Hermione looked over to Harry who just pushed the palm of his hand down gently. She smiled at him before continuing. "The wizarding army that had invaded Britannia lands has been safely moved to Clavis where they are held under house arrest until we deem fit to release them for their incarceration." Several people were ready to shout but found they were unable to do so. Hermione reminded herself to thank Harry for the lack of interruptions. "I am here before you now at your forceful request. If you truly want to have Harry Potter and I go on trial then we shall do it here and now."

Harry looked back behind him and said loudly. "Oh good, the press is here." Hermione refused to look over to him. He likely had an unrepentant look on his face.

"You may now start this trial Alden." She looked to the center of the court in front of her and the head table. The leaders looked at each other before nodding.

“Very well.” Alden looked at the woman who had been his rival on the political field for years and nodded to her. “Let this trail of the massacre of Clavis and the aiding and abiding a criminal commence.” The hall was suddenly filled with flashing lights from reporter cameras.

-O-

Mathew had lain in bed after the fever for hours. When he finally awoke, he felt many certainties. His mind knew what he needed to do. His breathing was heavy and it took him several long moments to get out of bed. He showered quickly and put on a simple brown robe. He latched on a hooded cloak and exited his room and looked down the hall. His vacant eyes followed him down the hall to the cell door.

When will I know what I am ready?

Mathew asked the question a number of times to Cyan. She would smile at him and said he would know. Mathew knew. He saw everything in a crystal clarity. He felt his mind swept into a labyrinth of possibilities hours ago. Now his mind was on a bridge. It gave him strength and acceptance. Mathew knew it would not do good to voice every prophecy he saw. It was why there were special rooms that housed prophecies. He had learned early on with his powers that omitting was as much as important as voicing his futures.

Mathew’s face was pale. He was half way through the hall when he heard Cyan’s voice.

Fearing what will come will not make it go away Mathew. Only when you can accept the ‘as is’ can you really see what will occur. I know it’s not easy. It took me a long time to learn that lesson.

Mathew thought what it would be like when he would need to meet the world, not as Mathew Andrews, but as the Prophet of his generation. His chest would normally tighten and he would want to cry. The pressure of others expected of him was impossible to think about. Mathew felt none of that now. The door to his cell flew open and he stepped out. He looked to his left and walked towards the hub room.

We all have demons we must deal with Mathew. But when the time comes, it won't matter. You will know what needs to be done.

Mathew reached the end of the hall.

"I need to go." When he looked up to his guard, the man gasped. Mathew's eyes were completely white as if he was born blind. The guard shouted orders. Mathew walked towards the portkey room without waiting for the Aurors. No one touched him when the doors opened for him. The guards exchanged looks, knowing that it was supposed to be impossible to open the doors from the prisoner side. Mathew stood in the center and said to those near by. "I need to go to the Wizengamot court." Several Aurors immediately began to create a portkey. Three Aurors stood next to him as his escort. When the portkey was created Mathew looked to one of the guards at the door. For a brief moment his eyes returned to normal. "Tell Cyan that she was right. I know what I was meant to do. And tell her good bye... and thanks."

Mathew took the portkey. He and the three Aurors disappeared and reappeared miles away just inside the dislodged doors to the Wizengamot court.

-O-

The man had lost a lot of business thanks to this particular assignment. The assassination of a teenager was supposed to be easy. When the boy did not arrive to his destination as he was supposed to, his employer was annoyed. He later found out that they had to diverge half of their force from apprehending Potter to try and get the information from the fortress that was the Vanguard estate. When he was ordered to cancel the job at his failure to track the boy, he lost many of the clientele that had been following the prestigious assignment.

It was why he was so happy when he scrying found the boy entering the Wizengamot court. Granted it was not a job anymore, but you can't buy a piece of mind.

-O-

The moment Mathew arrived he felt the blackening sickness of death fold over his body. He had almost forgotten about the impending death someone wanted for him. Mathews' concentration was so great he did not notice his will to vomit or the shaking hands that gripped at his sides. Mathew's milky white eyes looked at the two guards that had been scowling at the crowd forming at the entrance of the court. Mathew saw a small crowd with cameras and quick quills. His mind wondered if he would see himself in the papers later. The guards lowered their heads and backed away. Each felt the power roll of the boy. The Aurors forced the reporters to part for the young man. Mathew Andrews saw Minister Grange stand before the Wizengamot with Harry Potter at her side.

A thin man at the lead table sneered in a burly German. "What do you want boy, you are interfering with a trial by the Wizengamott."

Mathew raised his hand in front of him and a silver staff of gnarled wood stood before him. He took it from the air and used it to lean against. Mathews' strength was weak from the impending doom that gripped his lungs. He felt no muscle holding him and it was by will alone that he did not collapse from the black vileness that reeked of impending danger that targeted him. He looked at the members of the Wizengamot and they each saw his eyes. There was murmuring from stands and the spectators noticed the boy's eyes as well. "Here we lords and ladies of magic." Mathews voice shook the room and his pale eyes brightened with magic. "Great evil is present."

"We know! That is why we have convened so that those guilty may be punished!" The Polish leader stated loudly with confidence.

Mathew looked at the man with sightless eyes and the man lowered to his seat. The prophet looked to his mentor Harry Potter and Minister Weasley. "What does this court know of justice?" There were sudden hisses from the reporters and lesser members of the court. Those who did not know the boy scowled at him for not knowing his place. "I have come with a message, to this court. Hear it and face your own judgment." Mathew felt his executioner in the room. He had just entered.

The French Minster stood and eyed the boy wearily. "Gives us your message so we may know the wisdom of the ages Mathew Andrews." The murmurs silenced. Not many had seen the boy for months and rumors of his death spread through out the magical world.

Mathew breathed in. The taker of his life was above him now. He knew he had not much time left. Several voices took the place of the single booming voice. "Blind by fear this world decrees. Death comes to my lords of beasts. Less the world discards their claims, ruin will run and curse your names. Unity in death will fail your path. Kill your greed will save you strife. Ends of this age has come at last. My mark in death will be sacrifices' last." Mathew looked up to a balcony and saw the red light that had already penetrated his chest. The staff he had leaned against disappeared and his clear eyes smiled at the man who had fired a spell at him. In a small voice Mathew murmured, "Thank you."

Time slowed for everyone. Harry turned to look at the man and simply raised his hand. The man flew into his hands and he slammed the assassin into the ground. Harry looked over to his wife who was standing in the audience. He never noticed she arrived. "I got it Harry!" She had already cleared the court room and had just arrived at Mathew's side.

Her body emitted light before it disappeared. Harry saw her magic recondition itself repeatedly. He knelt next to her and bit his thumb. He moved her short blond hair and wrote a single rune with his blood. He closed his eyes and allowed the magic in the blood to draw more from him to his wife. Her eyes widened but she did not turn from the boy in front of her.

His chest was mended. "I can't get his heart to start beating again." She gave up on magic and straddled the boy while she slammed her palms onto the small frames' chest. After several tries she used her magic and shook her head to herself. The boys' heart wasn't restarting. After another minute she just leaned back and stifled a sob.

Susan fell into Harry's arms and just held his shirt. "It's ok Susan. He knew..." Harry nuzzled her head. "He knew he was going to die. He was at peace with it." Harry held her and the two suddenly felt the

noise return to them. Shouts and cries filled the room. Harry looked up from his wife. The press was pushed back to the entrance by guards to not let them see the dead child. The members of the wizengamot looked shaken. Harry did not know if it was because it was a first for someone to die in front of many of them or from the boys final words.

Harry brought his wife to her feet and looked at the leader Alden. The man nodded in understanding. "ORDER! I DEMAND ORDER!"

"Guards please bring a shroud, Mister Potter, the boy was your charge, you may have the killer taken into custody by British Aurors." The three that had escorted the boy snapped into action. All three were stricken by the loss of the boy that had kept them company in the lowest part of Bakan prison. The three Aurors bound the man and took him outside through the press before aparating to Bakan prison.

"Mister Potter, Minister Granger, I am sorry to ask this, but could you please continue." Several of the reporters were hostile to Aldens' order.

Harry looked away from the shroud that covered his charge. Several wizards had already started taking him away. Harry knew they would be taking him back to Britain. "You wanted to know exactly what happened in Clavis, correct?" His voice was cold and almost toneless. Hermione stood next to him for support. He gave a weak smile in return. "I think to this day you all fail to realize how dangerous Voldemort was." Although many had never experienced the mans' tyranny they still flinched at his name.

"When I was with my first group of wizards, we had been tracing Voldemorts' recruitment. He rarely recruited wizards as death eaters were loyal to him first and foremost. It was hard for him to find many of those kind of men and women after his first fall. He turned to the Tribes and Clans of werewolves and Vampires." His mind thought back to the times Bill had told them that his goblin informant speak of the Vampires' problems with feeding grounds.

"He did not need loyalty from them. He just needed offer them what they wanted. Many of the clans and tribes had no contact with the

wizarding world, so many of them did not care about equal rights. All Voldemort had to do was promise and keep to that promise.”

Harry looked at Alden who realized where the conversation was going. “He kept that promise. They wanted hunting, and breeding grounds. Why was it that only Britain was concerned when the moon stood still at complete full position day in and day out for months? Sadly, none of you cared. That’s what led to the fall of Clavis. When me and my group first realized and then arrived in the refugee city, it was too late. They were all dead, or turned and driven insane. The thousand refugees from Britain, Germany and Egypt had been killed long before we arrived. Voldemort had his army. And he did not need another loyal death eater.” The room was completely silent except for the scribble of quills. Harry looked around the room and saw many sickly looking faces. Not many returned his gaze when it was leveled on him.

“The explosion at Clavis was our last desperate attempt at preventing the ready to mobilize army from leaving the city. To be honest I was expecting myself to die in that explosion...” Harry stopped and thought of Mathew. Susan had stopped crying during the conversation, no one aside from Severus and Tonks knew exactly what happened that night. The only other person to have known was already dead. Bill their first leader.

Harry and Hermione looked at each other. Hermione asked. “Where there any other questions?”

Alden spoke almost to himself. “Why hide the truth?”

“Voldemort already destroyed Auror garrisons in most of Europe. Saying he had an army under our noses would led to more panic. That would not have helped us. And at the time, we were still recovering.” Harry answered directly to the Wizengamot asking if they could have done other wise.

Alden looked at his fellow council before saying, “All those in favor of dismissing all charges?” A resounding if not bitter “Aye” followed. Alden looked and wondered. “Nay?” While not all of the wizengamot answered Aye, none of those said anything against it.

"Charges of Harry Potter and Hermione Weasley are here by dismissed. All in favor of ending this session?" Harry Hermione, and Susan shared a hug before leaving intent on finding the body of Mathew Andrews.

-O-

Harry, Hermione, and Susan arrived inside the Minister's office. They walked out the door and they noted the damage before looking to see if anyone of the ministry was back. When they finally reached the bottom floor they saw a large group huddled around the wizard wireless. Before Hermione thought about it she asked, "Anything interesting?" The group turned around and she was surprised that many of her heads of office were there listening. They all stood up. It took them a moment before they all clapped.

Hermione gave an exasperated smile. "That's enough already, go help with the clean up. I'll go make my rounds in the cities." The group each shook all three of their hands and gave heart felt condolences for the death of the Andrews boy.

Susan tried not to think of Mathew when they shook her hand. Harry took her left hand and squeezed it. She nodded. They need to both get used to it if they want to go and help with the repairs.

The three walked outside and saw that there was no one else at the entrance. Hermione Harry and Susan looked at each other unsure where to start. Hermione took control. "Lets start with Daigon."

-O-

Alice sat alone on top of the highest tower. She had Rin take her here after she heard Mathew's prophecy and final words on his death. She shuddered thinking why he could say thank you. She took a sudden intake of air when she saw a pair of feet appear next to her. "You shouldn't be alone Alice." Alice looked up and saw Owens mop of hair.

"But he-" She started to cry and Owen picked her up before separating away. The two arrived and were immediately embraced by three other people. Alice looked and saw Bruce, Pam and Angela. It was a long while before they went outside. But even after they were exhausted from helping repair the city, they could not forget their friend.

-O-

Harry woke up and sighed. He remembered the busy day he had. It felt good to just lay down. He smelled Susan's hair and just sighed. It was likely still early morning, but he didn't want to waste the energy to raise his head and look at the clock. With a groan he felt his wife stir and look at the clock for him. "Let's get going Harry." She was wide awake when she kissed him and got out of bed.

Harry found himself unsure how he felt. For as long as he could remember he had no faith in the people that were supposed to be his people. He left knowing that they would destroy themselves, and here he was after it nearly happened. On his return his students gave him hope. Hermione in office gave him a future he could possibly live in. Susan reminded him that love can be his strength. Alice showed him that the past does not have to shape your future. Harry paused. When he got dressed he gave a real smile. Mathew showed him that accepting the world is the first step in changing it.

Harry walked out of the bed room with that thought in mind.

The center square in Godrics' Hollow was the largest of the seven cities. It was here that the thousands of people gathered for Minister Grangers address. Many were not content to listen to it over the wireless, and they were forced to crowd close together with the press at the front.

Harry stood between Alice and Susan. Harry had thought what he wanted to say to the people below him. He had mostly not paid attention to Hermione's speech. But he knew she had them riveted. They cheered at the right pauses, and Susan and Alice seemed to pay close attention.

When the clapping died after minutes of applause Harry found Hermione gesturing him to say something. He found himself in front of the podium again and wondered what he could say. Before he thought about it too much he started. "Seven years ago I stood much the same way that I am now." There was a tense pause and Harry gave a slight laugh. "I said then that the world would need to change for me to return. Then I found myself returning regardless." Harry smiled at his wife and daughter. "These past few days, the world did not change, but it did take a step. Now, I want to take another with my family, and this country. Let's move forward and not live in the past, but create a future." Harry waved to the people as they rose and cheered.

Harry returned to his family. "Susan?"

Susan smiled at him. She held his hand. "Yes?"

"What do you think about me going into Technomancy?"

Susan smiled. "I think that would be wonderful."

Harry chuckled. "You can blame your aunt." Harry looked at both girls beside him. "Thank you." They both looked at him unsure what he was talking about. He looked at them and laughed easily. "Today could not have happened with out you two." Still unsure what he meant they both just smiled. The past doesn't shape the future; my love can be my strength... Harry looked at the cheering crowds as they slowly dispersed. With these two, I can never worry about forgetting it.

-O-

Harry Potter was soon there after called the visionist for what he sought as the future of the wizarding world. The slow integration of wizards and muggles led the cities to be open to full muggles and after generations many of the muggles who lived in these cities had the common knowledge of magic.

The world may not have heeded Mathew Andrews' last words but Chief Warlock Alden Oren took the boys final prophecy to heart. He

removed many of his personal needs, and showed by example what a true leader could be. With the mark of what was now called the two hour war, Alden slowly accepted as many independent countries into the Wizengamot before slowly disbanding it all together and creating The Republic of Magic. While Britains' government never accepted being apart of another union, Minister Weasley, and Warlock Alden had many discussions and Britain shared many of the same rights as those in the Union. Britain's only lack of full membership, as many of the union members prayed for, was their lack of voting rights.

It was a testament to the Republics' success that there was a lasting peace that spanned over two hundred years. Harry Potter was titled many things in his life time, but that of the Visionist never faded.

Epilogue

The Minister blew out his cigar and scowled at the failure of his plans. He had never foreseen such a large force could be felled by so few people. After a moment of calming down he knew that it was well enough that he was still undiscovered. He quickly had every document destroyed linking him to any of his own actions and sighed now that it was all done.

"Is there a problem Minister Sollec?"

The man looked up from his seat and glared at the boy. "Who are you? What are you doing here?" The Minister shuddered when he saw the black robes the teenager wore. The silver clasp around his neck and the ring on the kid's finger exuded power.

The blonde looked levelly at the man. "Anthony Sollec, Minister of Frisland, you are here by arrested for conspiracy to murder, treason and crimes against humanity."

Anthony sneered. "And how are you going to do that?" The minister reached for his wand only to have it fly from his hand.

"We have two men who will testify against you. That is more than enough to convict." Anthony scowled he immediately thought of the assassin who botched up the Andrews job. "Assassin, Aaron Noads,

and Auror Justin Cox of Frisland.” The man stood shocked. The teenager laughed. “We caught him at the first attack at the Vanguard Estate, you think we would forget?”

Anthony tried to run from his desk and stopped and fell to the floor. He gripped his throat and tried to feel for what ever was chocking him. He looked over to the young man. The teenager’s eyes were glowing a brilliant yellow. “I am here, Sollec, because justice for your crimes need to be met. It should be a ministers duty to protect their people, not sacrifice them for his gain.” At that, a silver snake appeared around the Ministers neck and lead up to the teenagers arm.

The teenager looked at the struggling minister. “Thew, let him go.” The snake with drew its coils and slithered up the teenagers arm.

Anthony stuttered. “Please, let me go. I got lots of money, how much to...”

The blonde punched him in the face. “That’s for Mathew you son of a bitch.” The man stayed on the floor unconscious.

“Good job Owen. You’ll make a fine Raider.”

Owen looked over and gave weak smile to the two Aurors behind him. Tonks walked past Cho and bound the man on the ground. Cho looked around. “Let’s go. There’s nothing else for us here.

The three aparated and placed the former minister into custody. When Owen finished his paper work for his training as an Auror he left. He arrived at the Potters and walked in with out knocking. He saw his friend Alice sitting at the table with several books surrounding her. Her arms were folded and he head rested on them. Owen smiled before shaking her awake.

“We got him Alice.” Alice sighed before hugging the man.

“So it’s over then.” Alice said into his ear. Owen shivered slightly but noddod into her neck. She sighed at the motion.

Owen closed his eyes before stepping back. “Alice... I-”

Alice just moved forward to kiss him. When she let go she said to him.
“We’ll work it out. What ever problems we will work it out.”

“We will.”

Alice leaned harder into him. “Promise?”

Owen kissed her again. “I promise.”

The End